BRITANNIA and EVE

JULY
1947

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C. PATRICK THOMPSON
BERTA RUCK
BARRY PEROWNE
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1/6

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BRITANNIA and EVE

VOL. 35, No. 1 JULY, 1947

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Contents for July

Sir Joshua Reynolds, born July 16th, 1723. One of the foremost of British portrait painters. In 1768 he became the first President of the Royal Academy

Cover Design

by *Frank Lea*

Articles

The Killer
by *C. Patrick Thompson*
Decoration
by *G. Farr* 13 and 56

The Romance of the Brontës
by *G. Bernard Wood* 14–15 and 54

At the Bottom of the Ocean
by *Ferdinand Tuohy* 16 and 52

A Coronation Without The Queen
by *Wilma Buckley* 20 and 66

Historical Romances : IV
The Poetic Elopement
Written
by *Arnold Wareing*
Illustrations
by *Jack Matthew* 21-24

Treasure House of the World's Diamonds
by *L. W. Phelps-Orion* 25 and 56

The Royal Mile 29 and 66

I'd Like to Write a Play
by *Lena Ramsden* 42 and 62

Home Section

Sharing a House and Liking It 33
I Married An Englishman 34–35
Be Clever With Fabrics 36–37
Sloppy Joe Sweater 38 and 64
Quickly made Sun Suit 38 and 64
Light Coats for Cool Days 39
In Search of Glamour
by *Jane Gordon* 40 and 67

Women Making Good 43

Health and Beauty :
by *Chrysis*
Why Hide Your Eyes? 44
No Time for Beauty 45
Beauty's Colour Room 44–45

Cookery :
by *Harriet Muir*
Plain and Fancy 46
Quick Cookery 47
Unusual Jams 47
Seven-Way Stretch 48
Appliances Plus 51

General

Books :
Reviewed by *Trevor Allen* 41 and 68

Stories

After Seven Years
by *Vince Kelly*
Illustrations
by *Edward Osmond* 9–12 and 52

Fog
by *Alan Jenkins*
Illustrations
by *Frank Lea* 17–19 and 64

Design In Red
by *Barry Perowne*
Illustrations
by *M. Mackinlay* 26–28 and 58

Destiny-Man
by *Berta Ruck*
Illustrations
by *Albert Bailey* 30–32 and 68

All contributions intended for publication must be addressed to the Editor, "Britannia and Eve," Commonwealth House, Number One New Oxford Street, W.C.1, and be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope. No responsibility can be accepted for the safety of any MSS., but every effort will be made to ensure their safe return if found unsuitable. The Rates of Subscription to "Britannia and Eve" will be found on page 68. The characters in all the stories in this number are purely imaginary, and no reference or allusion is intended to any living person or persons.

The Inland Postage for this issue is 3d.

Titled Authoress

LADY ROSE, whose book "The Traveller's Eye" has recently been published under her pen-name Dorothy Carrington, is noted not only as an authoress but for the loveliness of her complexion. She has a skin as fair and delicate as a magnolia petal. "It's thanks to Pond's Creams that my skin stays so smooth," says Lady Rose. "I use Pond's Cold Cream for cleansing and Pond's Vanishing Cream as a powder base."

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It's hard to realise, till something brings it home to you, how much the world has shrunk. On Monday a man's in West Africa; on Tuesday 'phones from London that he's catching the next train down! Between New York and Hong Kong, Cairo and Auckland, there's scarcely one of us out in the world today who can't be home in less than a week—by Speedbird.

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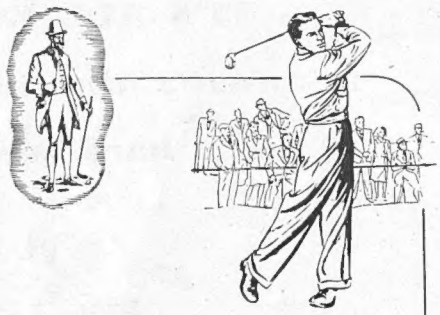

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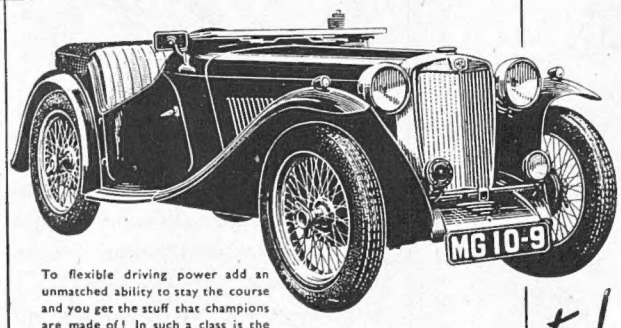

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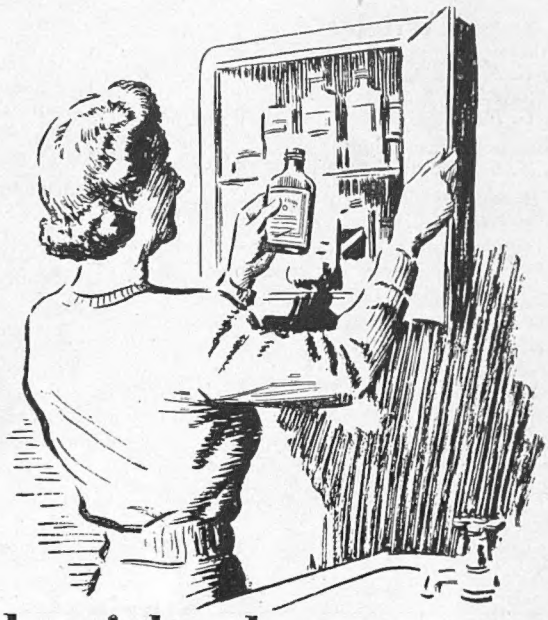

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FISH ROAST

2 lb. middle cut of cod, 8 oz. tomatoes, 1 oz. fat or dripping, 1 level teaspoon salt, pinch of pepper.

Remove any fins and make about four shallow slashes across the back of the fish. Cut one of the tomatoes into thick slices and place one of these in each slash. Dot the fish with salt and pepper and put into a baking tin. Put the rest of the tomatoes round the fish and bake in a hot oven for about half an hour or until the fish is cooked. Baste once or twice during the baking.

Did you know this?

Whether you buy beef steak from the butcher or cod steak from the fishmonger, you get the same *quantity* as well as the same first-class *quality* body-building food? Weight for weight, fish is the equal of meat as a body-builder, and all fish are alike in this. Children need fish to help them grow and grown-ups need fish to help them with the "running repairs" of their muscles and tissues.

FISH FLAN

6 oz. pastry, 2 level tablespoons chopped onion, ½ oz. dripping, 3 level tablespoons flour, 1½ level teaspoons paprika pepper, ½ pint milk and water, 1½ level teaspoons salt, 1 tablespoon vinegar, 1 lb. steamed white fish, chopped parsley.

Line an 8-in. sandwich tin or flan ring with the pastry and bake "blind." Fry the onion in the dripping for 5 minutes without browning, stir in the flour and paprika and cook for 1 minute. Add the liquid and bring to the boil, stirring all the time, and boil gently for 5 minutes. Add the salt, vinegar and flaked fish, heat through and turn into the hot flan case. Garnish with chopped parsley.

Choosing fresh FISH

It is important that fish should be fresh, and to enjoy it at its best, cook it as soon as possible after buying it. In choosing look for these points: Gills should be bright and clear, eyes should be full and bright, not sunken and dull. Flesh should be firm. There should be no disagreeable odour.

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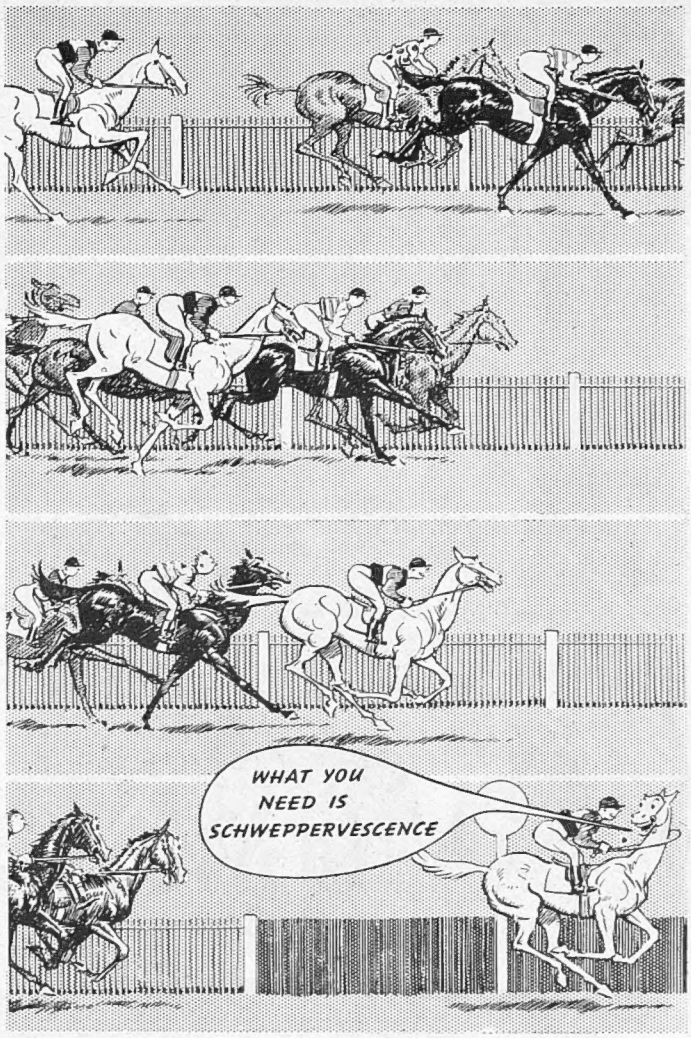

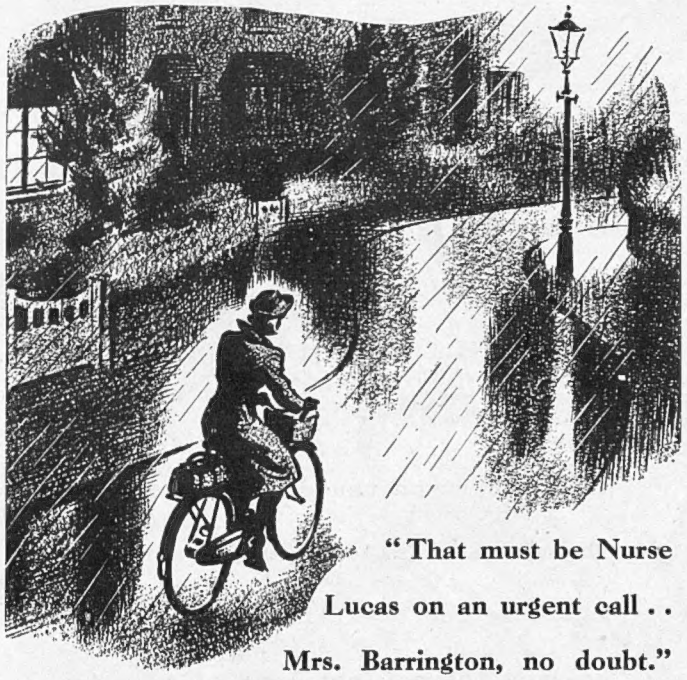

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In her bag Nurse Lucas — like almost every other District Nurse and Midwife in Great Britain — carries a bottle of 'Dettol'. The fight against septic infection is incessant, and at no time more relentless than during and after childbirth. And Nurse knows that in great Maternity Hospitals **'DETTOL'** *is the chosen weapon of defence.*

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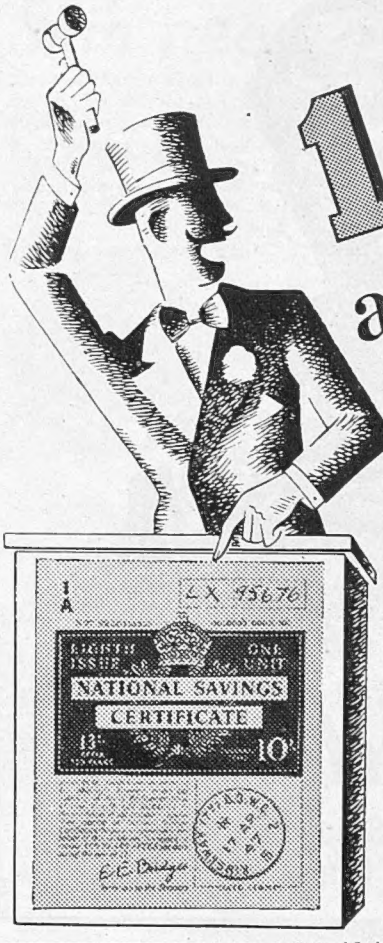

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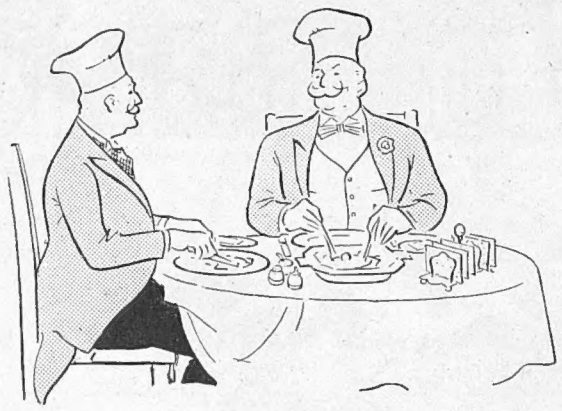

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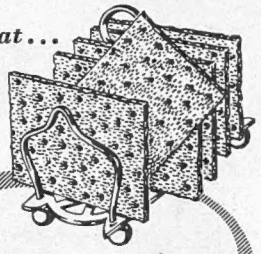

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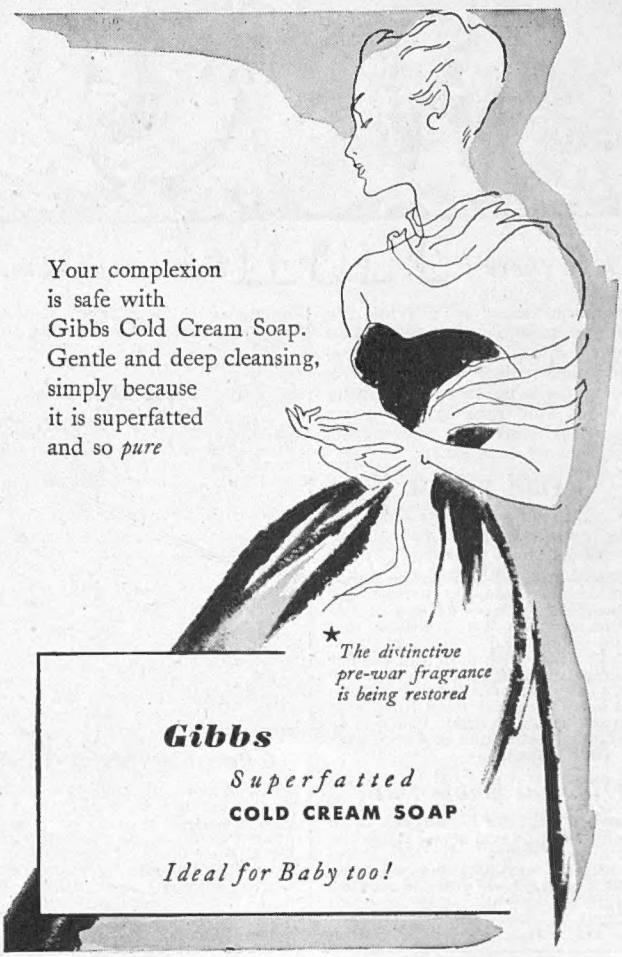

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He whispers . . "GIN and VOTRIX now."

P.D.A.M.

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BACK THEY COME

ONE BY ONE

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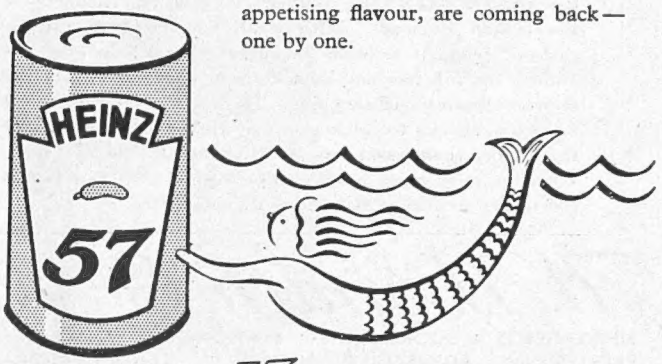

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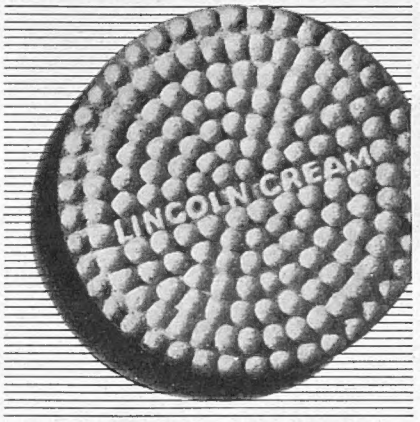

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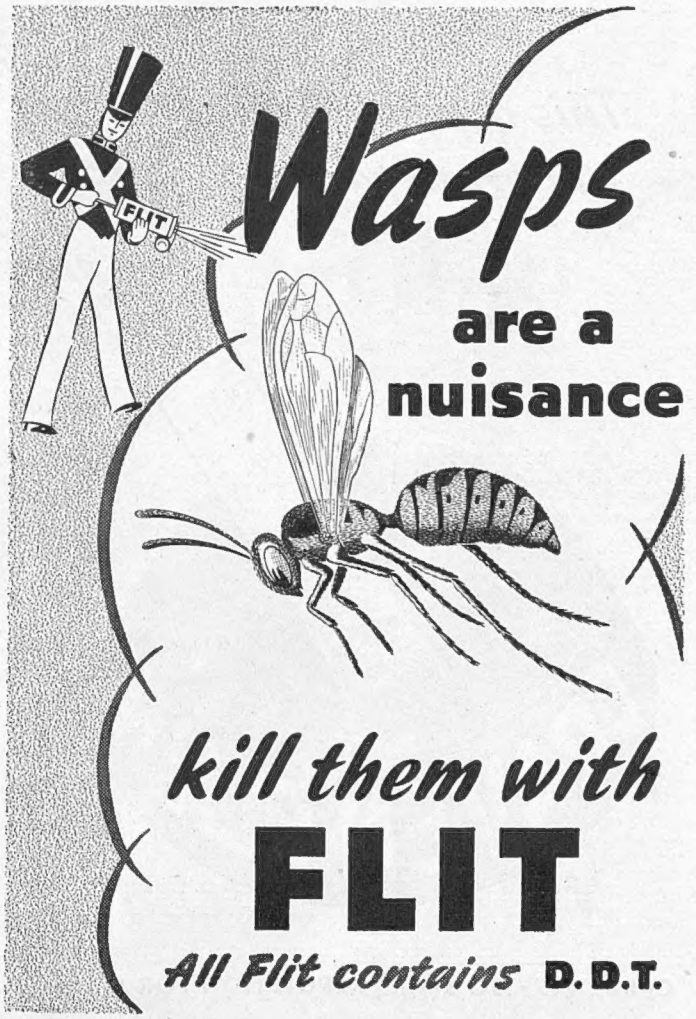

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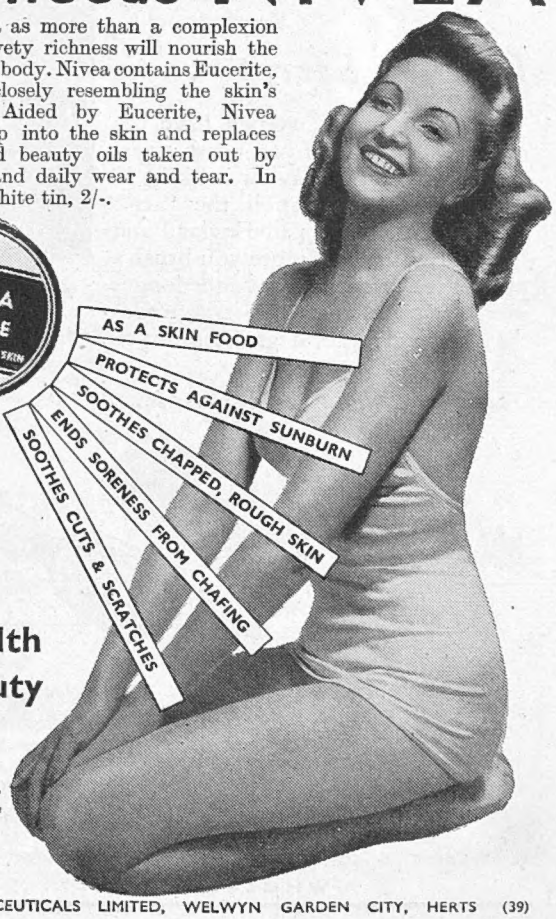

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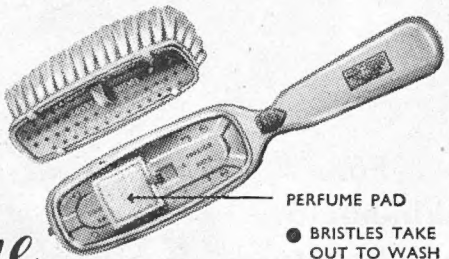

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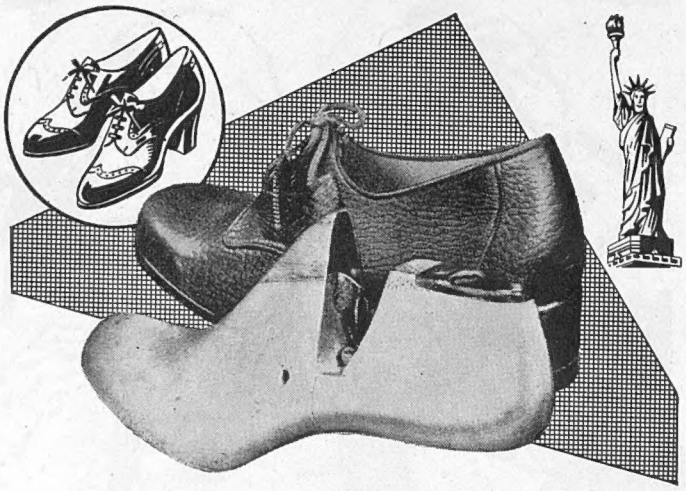

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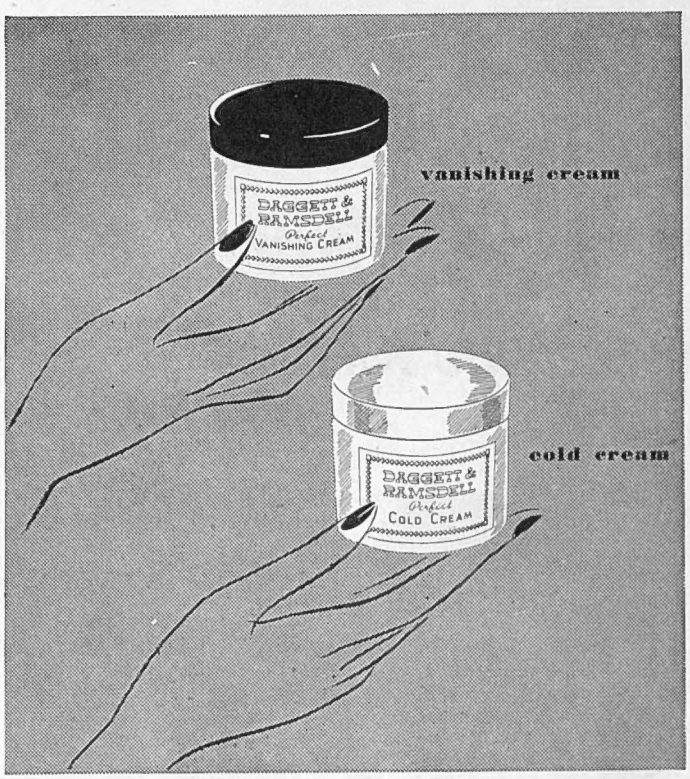

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Britannia and Eve

An Elizabethans' Picnic Party in July.

He saw Louise emerge and stand illuminated on the footpath. With the detached interest of an executioner he watched her as she gazed up and down the street

After Seven Years

A Short Story

By

Vince Kelly

Illustrations by Edward Osmond.

SHIMMERMAN pulled his overcoat collar closer about his ears as the gusty south-westerly buffeted him with a series of chilly blasts. It poured out of the lane-way behind him as if leaping from the funnel of a giant refrigerator.

Although he was not long out of gaol, he had escaped any visible taint of the penitentiary. He noted with cynical satisfaction that a passing uniformed policeman nodded to him in a salute that was a blend of alertness and respect. Well, why not? Shimmerman knew that his clothes, although made seven years before, still looked good, and he had not forgotten how to wear them with the ease of the well-dressed man.

He waited until the policeman had strolled on a few yards, and then lit a cigarette. The match illumined features that were handsome and attractive. A quiet strength had replaced the amiable weakness that marked them when he had gone to prison.

What a fool he had been. And all over Louise—" Lovely Louise Landre," as she was always billed, leading lady of a series of musical comedies, hailed then as the greatest favourite the stage had given to the public for a generation.

She had been another Pickford or Garson, able to attract and hold men years younger than herself, but Louise, ten years older than he, though still looking like a girl, almost an ingénue, had been as heartless as she was lovely.

In the gaol, the authorities had taught him the art of french polishing, probably because the psychiatrist assisting the prison had been a friend of his. It had been a nerve-soothing occupation. He reflected idly that it had been successfully set for several prisoners serving life sentences for the crime of violent murder. In each case they had slain a woman out of jealousy. Now they were all expert french polishers.

Not so flattering when you come to think of it. After all, he had not been a murderer—only embezzled his clients' money to the extent of £8,000.

The judge—a friend of Shimmerman's father, as were all the other eminent judges, for that matter—was visibly moved when he sentenced him to seven years' hard labour. But the judge did not allow false sentiment to deter him in his duty, making references to the aged and dependent who had been defrauded by a young man with no excuse whatever for his criminal folly. As was disclosed, the prisoner at the bar had inherited not only an honoured name that inspired trust and confidence, but a lucrative practice that had been sacrificed to his own profligacy, not hesitating to help himself to the trust funds of helpless widows and orphans, who must now suffer penury as a result of his gambling, dissipation and dishonesty.

It had been a scathing tirade, and, standing in the dock, Shimmerman saw himself as the contemptible creature he had become in the hands of Louise. He had not mentioned Louise. What tattered remnant was left of his manhood disdained to hide behind a woman. But Louise had been equally guilty, morally more guilty than he. She knew she had him hypnotised. She knew the presents she demanded could only come from his dishonesty, and knowing, she encouraged him to go on and on, to steal more and more, persuading him that his luck on the racecourse and at baccarat would change and redeem him from debt, save him from disaster. A million times he had asked himself who would be fool

enough to believe that a man could be so bewitched as to sin without realising he was sinning, like some devil-driven automaton? Then, suddenly, the end of the road, the degradation and humiliation, the seven years in prison, where, in bitterness, he should have thrust Louise out of his mind, out of his life.

Instead, always she was in his thoughts, but her portrait had been repainted while he stood shamed and silent that day in the dock. In every waking hour, and frequently in his dreams, he saw the Louise behind the lovely mask that the public adored, the mask that made fools of young men with access to lots of money.

It seemed incredible that a woman could be so satanic, so deeply evil in her every instinct and still look like a woman.

Bending over his methodical, soothing task of french polishing, Shimmerman had thought it strange that his decision to murder Louise left him unexcited, entirely matter of fact. Often when he had brought the surface of the wood to a polish he knew could not be improved upon, he had trailed his fingers tenderly over the glossy surface and pressed the tips of them against the velvety finish, with the feeling that he was touching the flesh of Louise Landre.

He remembered the last piece of work he had done before his release. The prison Governor himself had praised it highly, pleasantly referring to it as "the sign manual of perfection." Shimmerman wondered how perfection and prison life could be associated, but the calmness of his face, that new, calm strength, did not reflect his irritation.

"Wonderful work for readjusting minds that have been badly upset," had commented the Governor. "It has been most successful, particularly in your case."

SHIMMERMAN had smiled. How could the Governor realise that at that very moment he had been thinking of Louise and his inflexible determination to murder her as soon as he was released? How could the Governor know that it was Louise, not old Judge McIvor, who had sent him to gaol for seven years? He wondered what the Governor would have thought about french polishing as a cure if he had known that in the darkly-gleaming surface of the wood Shimmerman had been gazing at his last scene with Louise.

Even the Governor would have been interested. Some of the background for this little tragi-comedy, that background of furs and luxuries, had been furnished at his own expense and, of course, the expense of his clients. Some of those wonderful jewels that glittered on her slim white fingers came from him—and his clients, poor devils.

He saw himself, white, distraught, his weak mouth trembling, on his knees before Louise—a ludicrous figure to himself now, looking back across the years—appealing to Louise for one last night of love before the show-down came. He saw himself as he had told her that he had reached the end of his tether, and Louise, bored and suddenly spiteful and waspish. The names she had called him—the vileness of her tongue—the scorn she had poured upon him, had left him incredulous and dazed. And the last shattering blow delivered in the husky voice that he had idolised:

"You damn fool, Shimmie. You have had your fun. You knew you would have to pay for it some day. What do you expect me to do? Buy you out of your jam?"

God, how his eyes had glowed with sudden hope! "Louise! Darling Lou Lou! Do you mean—would you do that?"

It was the solution! Why, over and over again Louise had told him his luck would change and he would be extricated from his difficulties. What a fool he had been not to ask her before, not to think of it himself! Why, Louise must be worth a hundred thousand if she was worth a penny. From the dark depths of dejection and terror, his soul had responded eagerly, and then, as though her words were being savagely beaten into his brain:

"Why, you cringing, snivelling pup! You heel, you piker! Get out of here before I 'phone the cops. Get out while the going 's good! Get out! Get out! Go and give yourself up and take your medicine like a man!"

And he had got out, walking like a man in a dream, and such was her dominance over all his actions that even then, with the cool night air blowing on his face, he had dumbly, unresistingly, obeyed her command to go and face the music. He had gone to the nearest police station and made his confession, anticipating the inevitable by a few hours.

Now here he was again. And there was the theatre, with its posters announcing its current star, "Lovely Louise Landre."

It was one of the smaller theatres, and he thought that strange. And the musical comedy was "Milkmaids and Moonshine," the piece he had first seen Louise in. Apparently the stage was temporarily in the doldrums or Louise's capacity

as an actress was waning. Hardly that; she had the secret of perennial charm, even though she was—he calculated—over the forty mark now. Anyway, it did not matter. When Louise left the theatre he would tag along and keep her under observation while she had her usual light supper, washed down with champagne and old brandy, at the most fashionable and popular hotel of the moment.

He had timed his arrival well. In a few minutes the vestibule and façade of the theatre sprang into brilliant illumination, and the crowds began to stream out. With his eyes on the exit he knew she would use, Shimmerman listened idly to the comments of the departing theatregoers. He was surprised that several should mention the leading lady with cynical criticism:

"About time they pensioned old Lou Lou off," one man had said, and the girl with him had replied, "You 're telling me. She 's had more farewells than Melba, and she 's not as good as she used to be."

A few seconds later he caught other criticisms: "Old Louise's voice hasn't been as good since she had her goitre op., has it? Why doesn't she get out instead of remaining to make an old fool of herself?"

The other replied, "My dear chap, it 's easier to pull a burr out of the whiskers of a man-eating lion than to drag a *passée* prima donna off the stage. Besides, it 's her own money she 's losing on the show. At least she 's paying for her vanity from her own bank account."

"That 's okay by me. It puts a time limit on her, which is something to be thankful for."

Rather bewildered, John Shimmerman watched them saunter on. So this was the explanation of the small theatre and the

" You damn fool, Shimmie," Louise said. " You have had your fun. You knew you would have to pay for it some day. What do you expect me to do? Buy you out of your jam? "

revival of the chestnut, the poor attendance. He saw Louise emerge and stand illuminated on the footpath. Even from across the street she looked older. With the detached interest of an executioner, he watched her as she gazed up and down the street.

A car rolled up. That would be Louise's car and chauffeur. It did not move off immediately. Louise was expecting someone who had disappointed her. For several minutes she waited, gazing up and down the street, then she entered the car and it rolled off. In a taxi, John Shimmerman followed. Her car halted at the Hotel Splendide.

A little behind, Shimmerman followed her up the stairway and through the lobby, saw her shown by a waiter to a table, obviously her regular one. Shimmerman seated himself at a small table well to her right, where he was partly concealed by a potted palm. He watched her eager, imperious expression as she questioned the waiter, could even catch the words.

" Are you sure he left no message ? "

" I shall make inquiries of the head waiter, Miss Landre," responded the waiter politely.

Shimmerman detected a flash of the Louise he had seen that night when she had thrown away her mask. But she controlled herself. He watched her produce a pound note from her handbag and hand it to the waiter.

" I want the truth. Has Mr. Burns been in, or not ? He has ? " She leaned forward and demanded tensely, " The truth—was he with—with someone ? "

The waiter had dexterously pocketed the money and was giving what Louise had paid for. " Yes, madame. Mr. Burns was with a young lady, Miss Robyn Beattie. The usual order for madame ? " He glided away and from his vantage post Shimmerman watched Louise as though she were on the stage

and he was seated in the audience. Louise had changed. For years she had cheated age, but time was more than revenged. Not all the massage and careful make-up could conceal that.

Gone was the sweet appeal of the ingénue. In its place was the harsh, vixenish face of a woman who had driven a lifetime of hard bargains. Shimmerman was astounded. It was easy to understand now the comments muttered by the critics outside the theatre a short while back. The expensive gown and furs, the careful coiffure, the jewels that sparkled on her fingers, were all that was left of the Louise he remembered.

The glances then cast in her direction in this very room had been full of admiration. To-night Shimmerman could detect amusement, scorn and pity. He was astounded at the change in her. It reminded him of Wilde's story in which the picture of a youthful, smiling, handsome young man suddenly changed into a portrait of an old man, debauched and ugly.

SIPPING his cold lager, Shimmerman waited for the scene to continue. Louise was tapping a foot nervously, impatiently. Frequently she glanced at the diamond watch on her wrist. Shimmerman remembered that watch. The widows and orphans had presented her with that, although they did not know it at the time, and he hadn't thought of them as he had placed it on her wrist and kissed the girlish arm, the smooth shoulder and then the parted, alluring lips.

Shimmerman could recall it all without experiencing the slightest quickening of the pulses. He wondered if he was a schizophrenic. Probably, but it did not matter. The show was going on. Louise was toying with a silver fork with one hand, making a pretence of eating. Her shoe was tapping faster and faster. Then, suddenly, she was still, mistress of herself, and her eyes were fixed on the figure of a young man in evening dress who was walking unsteadily to her table.

Shimmerman's intuition told him this was Mr. Burns. His inspection was candid. He did not approve the young man's appearance. The lips were too sensuous and red for a man. He did not like the smear of moustache, the long hair and side levers. It was the type of face to appeal to some women, the type that men naturally dislike.

Shimmerman decided that it was the face of a parlour tom-cat. He had seen several like it in gaol. Such men had boasted eagerly of their success with women. He sipped his lager and watched.

"Hello, Louise! Sorry I 'm late."

The voice sounded thick. Louise's was reproachful, but affectionate, void of bad temper. The actress in her could take care of that. "You 're a bad boy, Jimmy. I was waiting for you at the theatre. What happened?"

The young man drank off a brandy and soda. "Couldn't make it, Louise. I lost my money at Bennie's baccarat joint. Didn't even have enough for a cab. Flat broke again, Louise."

"That 's too bad, Jimmy," she said, and Shimmerman noted that her foot had begun to tap again.

"You say 'too bad' as though you mean 'too often,' Louise," he replied, and there was a sullen challenge on his face as he added, "Are you getting tired of me, Louise? Say the word, Louise, just say the word. If you 're through with me, that 's okay with me."

He half-rose, but Louise had seized him by the arm imploringly. "Don't be silly, Jimmy, dear. You know I 'll never tire of you. Have another drink, and then we 'll go home."

Her hand flashed to her bag and she had slipped a roll of notes into his hand. He tucked them carelessly into his pocket and grinned at her.

"You 're the baby, Louise," he said. "I owe Bennie over a hundred quid. I 'll have another tussle to-morrow night."

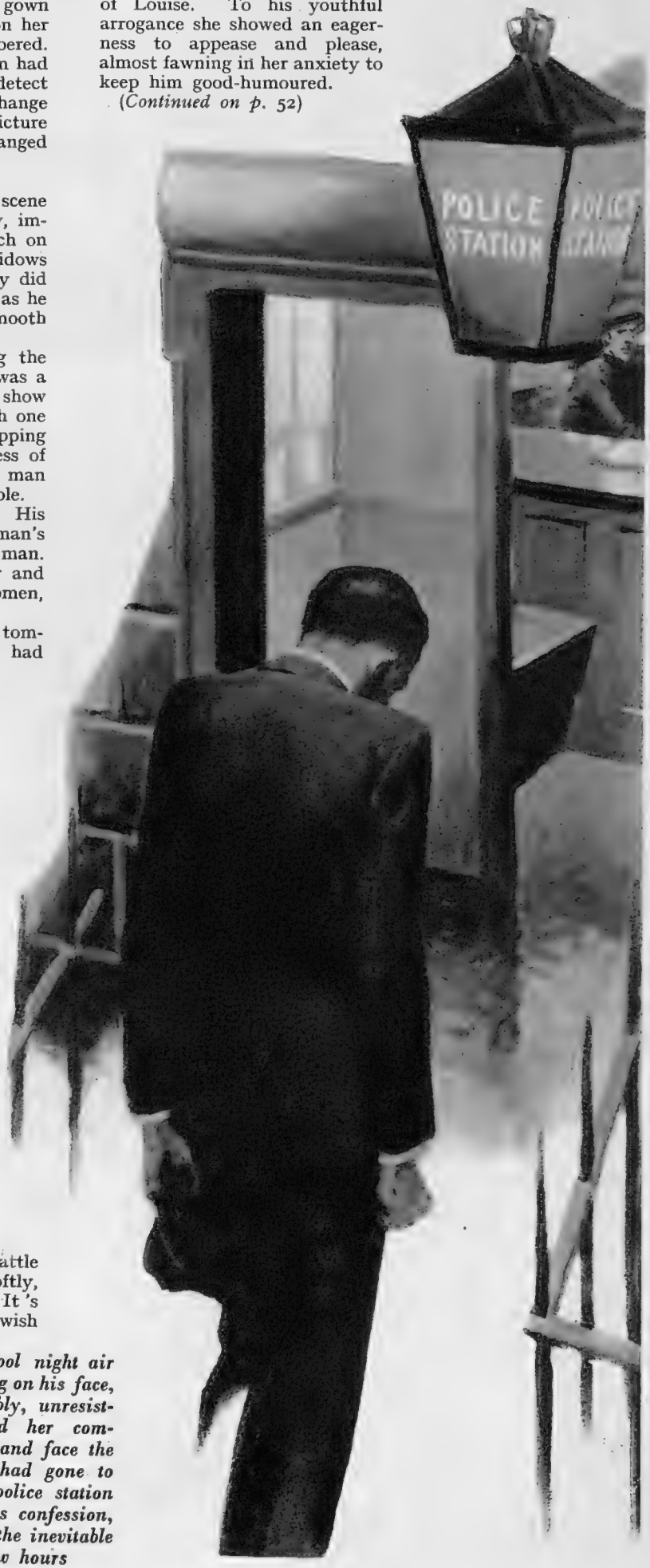
Shimmerman saw the real Louise fighting a desperate battle with Louise the actress. The actress won. She said softly, "You were not cut out to win at gambling, Jimmy. It 's costing me—I mean us—a terrible lot of money. I do wish you 'd give it up."

The young man's face was sullen and resentful again. "Don't try and lecture me, Louise, just because I borrow from you now and again. If you 're going to squawk and get fussy about it, then we might as well wash it up now."

But Shimmerman noticed that young Burns made no attempt to return the money, that his grudging responses to Louise's hastily breathed reassurances were mechanical, that his eyes were on the jewels that glittered on her fingers. Some of those jewels were from the widows and orphans. Those jewels would hold Burns to her—unless some other wealthy, ageing woman wanted to hire a parlour tom-cat.

He watched the sordid drama continue, the full, pouting lips of young Burns, the unaccountably aged, pleading face of Louise. To his youthful arrogance she showed an eagerness to appease and please, almost fawning in her anxiety to keep him good-humoured.

(*Continued on p. 52*)



With the cool night air blowing on his face, he had dumbly, unresistingly, obeyed her command to go and face the music, and had gone to the nearest police station and made his confession, anticipating the inevitable by a few hours

THE KILLER

To-day's Gunmen Are Not Vicious, Level-headed, Sharp-witted, Astute, Intelligent Criminals Planning For A Long Criminal Career, But Reckless Hoodlums

By C. Patrick Thompson

ALEC DE ANTIQUIS, civilian hero, must also be recorded as practically the unluckiest Briton in twenty years. Lloyds might have accepted an insurance bet of £300,000,000,000 to £1 against his being shot dead that day while trying to apprehend a fleeing armed criminal in a crowded London street. They'd have lost, but the actuaries could have claimed they did not overstate the odds.

You have to go back eleven years to find an echo of the Antiquis affair. A man entered a Battersea estate agent's office and held him up at the pistol's point. As the criminal ran off, a Mr. Frank Fisk pursued him. Mr. Fisk was only six feet off when the man turned and shot him in the stomach. The bullet hit a bachelor button and to that bit of luck Mr. Fisk owed his life.

A year earlier, two youths, one armed with a sawn-off shotgun (first appearance of that American-type weapon in this country), and the other with a knife, held up a jeweller in his shop. In the chase that followed, the gun wasn't used, but a constable got cut with the knife. The youths got severe sentences, plus the "cat."

Back in 1927, P.C. Gutteridge was shot dead while questioning two men in a car he had stopped. As he lay in the road, he was shot again through the eyes. The latter act of brutal and needless savagery provided a clue. The police knew they were hunting a brutalized, violent recidivist, and not merely a hoodlum with a gun—ninety per cent of current armed criminals fall into the latter bracket—and in due course they found him, and his stoatbrained partner. Both were hanged.

Only the killer of P.C. Gutteridge would be categoried by the criminologist as a killer type. There are murderers, mostly weaklings, half-wits, or morons; and there are killers. England doesn't produce many killers. Gunmen, also, are infrequent crime phenomena.

A BREAKDOWN of the murder cases in recent years show that the gun is not the commonest weapon of the murderer. Strangling hands, poison, knives, a blunt instrument, outnumber the gun. Poison gas was once contemplated. In the spring of '33 the police turned up a poison gas apparatus in an East End garage, and a poison gas production plant in a suspected house. They never found the potential users. A blow-pipe and poisoned dart was another instrument intended for murder here. The victim was to have been Lloyd George, and two women and a man, half-witted fanatics, were the potential murderers. But as they went around shopping for a rare Indian poison for the dart tip, Scotland Yard's Special Branch men leisurely picked them up; and that was that.

Gun killings do show a sharp rise. A similar phenomenon was seen after the first world war. But the curve is unlikely to be protracted in the upward direction. There are two reasons for this expectation. One is the fact that to-day's gunmen, like yesterday's, are not dangerous, level-headed, sharp-witted, astute, intelligent criminals, planning for a long criminal career. They are reckless hoodlums, amateur criminals, with a very low IQ, their criminal operations not much better technically than a man's first game of golf.

The other reason is to be found in the 1934 law which imposes formidable penalties on those who use a firearm (including weapons firing noxious liquids or gasses), or even an imitation firearm, to threaten anyone, or to escape arrest. The maximum is fourteen years. Even if the fool doesn't pull a gun, but has one on him when arrested, he's liable to seven years. Plus the "cat." This means that the potentially dangerous fellow, the professional criminal—and he's increasing in Britain under black market conditions, as he did in America under prohibition, which created a black market in liquor—checks on the risks, and stops short at guns.

Britain, indeed, is no country in which to study the killer. Italy, Sicily, Poland, Germany, France, Eire, and above all the U.S.A., are richer research stations. The U.S.A. has every type, in profusion. That's because its population is drawn from all the leading killer tribes of the Old World. Opportunities are larger, too. And the technological superiority of the U.S.A., its peculiar laws and lack of laws, its vast spaces and many state lines, enable the killer to develop his talents to the *n*th degree.

Jim Colosimo, a young Italian migrant, joined the Italian street cleaners in Chicago. He organized them, levied tribute, became a power in local politics through his ability to deliver a block of Italian votes, opened liquor saloons, made money, financed gaming houses, (*Continued on page* 56)

The Romance

The wrought-iron sign for the Bronte Museum at Haworth, Yorkshire, depicts Emily Bronte at her writing desk

Haworth Parsonage, now the Bronte Museum. The tiny nursery was the room above the door

(On right.) A silhouette of Patrick Branwell Bronte, the artist brother of the Bronte sisters

AN unknown clergyman's numerous family ascending a steep, Yorkshire hill to their new home . . . childhood joys snatched from recurring tragedy . . . stern father, with strange habits, grieving over ne'er-do-well son . . . unrequited love . . . authorship and the production of two novels that shook their generation; the very stuff of drama, and all of it unified and enacted against a background of stark, elemental moorland.

Such, in brief, is the undying story of the Brontë family. And it will glow afresh this year for it is exactly a century since *Jane Eyre* and *Wuthering Heights* were given to the world. The Brontë Society is arranging a well-deserved "programme of homage" to the memory of Charlotte and Emily Brontë; the Brontë Memorial set up in Westminster Abbey during the war will probably be unveiled; and thousands of extra visitors will follow the footsteps of that gallant family from its obscurity, as Haworth was first entered in 1820, to the hill-top parsonage (now the Brontë Museum) which represents its fame so triumphantly.

Haworth folk looked on in silence from their doorsteps, that far-off April evening, as seven heavily laden carts crept slowly up the steep, tortuous hill. Not a showy procession, to be sure, but in this small place then four miles from the nearest railway station, at Keighley, the arrival of a new parson with his wife, six young children, and an array of household goods was an event. It turned out to be a momentous event, centring chiefly — not on "Saucy Pat," the father who had a few poems to his name, nor yet on Branwell whose youthful precocity led family and friends to look to him for fame as an artist—but on Charlotte and Emily, two quiet little girls doomed, so it seemed for some time, to become nothing better than governesses.

DESPITE its bleak aspect, the Parsonage—commanding an extensive view of the graveyard—provided the children with a fruitful, if also a tragic, training ground. Their unconquerable spirits seem to haunt the place to-day. Let us try to catch a few glimpses of them. First, in that tiny, upstairs nursery (nine feet by five feet) "with the long, narrow bed and bare whitewashed walls." Charlotte is sitting on the bed, "my eye fixed on the window, through which appeared no other landscape than a monotonous stretch of moorland, a great church tower rising from the churchyard, so filled with graves that the rank weeds and coarse grass scarce had room to shoot between the monuments." Around her are the others, scrawling with pencil on those same bare walls or painting funny little pictures there. To see those infantile efforts to-day is to see the first, faint glimmerings of the Brontë genius.

A few years have passed. Papa brings Branwell a box of wooden soldiers from Leeds. Soon the girls gather eagerly around and each child "adopts" one of the soldiers, giving it the name of some contemporary figure. Charlotte names hers the Duke of Wellington; Branwell calls his Bonaparte. Within a day or so the children have invented a play based on the soldiers, entitled *Young Men*.

Æsop's Fables suggest another play, *Our Fellows*, and out of one winter's

The Bronte sisters. (Above) Charlotte, author of *Jane Eyre*, which was first published in October, 1847

(On left.) Emily, whose *Wuthering Heights*, though written rather earlier than her sister's *Jane Eyre*, was not published until two months later—December, 1847

Of The Brontës

One Hundred Years Ago Two Novels Were Published, "Jane Eyre" And "Wuthering Heights," Which Created A Sensation And Astounded The English Reading Public

Written and Photographed by **G. Bernard Wood**

night when Tabby, the servant, refuses the children a candle to see by, yet another little drama emerges—the *Play of the Islanders*, in which each child invests a chosen island with favourite heroes. Emily chooses Walter Scott and Mr. Lockhart (Scott's biographer); Branwell, John Bull and Leigh Hunt; Anne, Michael Sadler and Lord Bentinck; Charlotte, the inevitable Duke of Wellington and Christopher North, editor of *Blackwood's Magazine*!

Strange choices for bairns? Yes, but understandable when you eavesdrop, as it were, upon those other scenes where Patrick Brontë reads the Parliamentary reports in full to his children and then discusses their significance. High seriousness marked all his relationships with his family. Draw back that other curtain too, and see him testing the children's mental calibre in the parlour. Miss Branwell—the imperious aunt from Cornwall who has come to run the household since the death of Mrs. Brontë—looks on with approval as the curious test proceeds. To ensure frank speaking, Papa provides a mask which is passed from child to child as each is questioned in turn.

"Anne, what does a child like yourself most want?" From behind the mask the child of four answers:

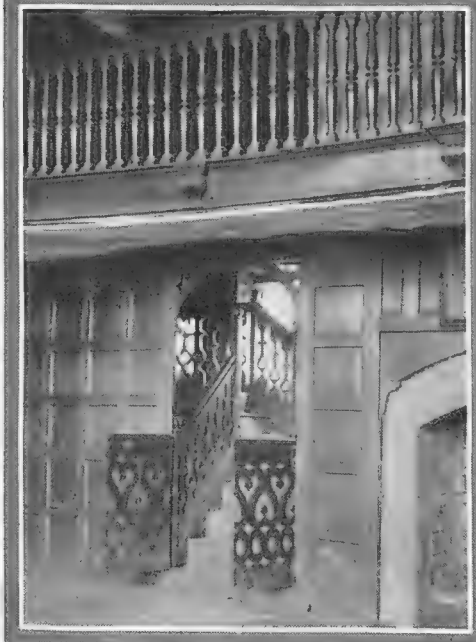
"Age and experience."

"Emily, what had I best do with Branwell when he's a naughty boy?"

"Reason with (*Continued on page* 54)

Wycollar, Lancashire, which often lured the Bronte sisters from their immediate neighbourhood, and provided some of the local colour for the novel *Jane Eyre* that was secretly taking shape. The film of the novel was made here a few years ago

The entrance to High Sunderland, near Halifax, which is thought to have been the "home of Heathcliffe" in *Wuthering Heights*



Staircase, with dog gates and balcony, at Oakwell Hall, Birstall, Yorks. This actually figures in a scene in *Shirley*, a later novel of Charlotte Bronte's

Bronte Bridge, a favourite spot of the Bronte sisters, beside Sladen Beck. The moorland stream, spanned by a simple stone bridge that has been named after them. Heather is gathered from this spot and sent in bunches to their American admirers

At The Bottom of the Ocean

What Scientists Expect To Discover With The Bathyscaphe

By Ferdinand Tuohy

Professor Auguste Piccard, the famous scientist who is planning to explore the bed of the ocean three miles down, off the African coast

IN the whirligig of postwar Brussels, "first capital to recover from the Nazis," the most interesting person is the most retiring and diffident of its notables—forty-two years old scientist Max Cosyns. I've watched him in his laboratory on the earth's surface; he has been higher above the earth than any man save one; he went so far "underground" that he finished up in Dachau; and now he proposes to sink deeper in the ocean than ever human has sunk before.

This is not to diminish his senior and companion in the opaque and unknown depths, as he was in the stratosphere, the scrawny Swiss physicist Professor Auguste Piccard, white-maned, sixty, and wrapt in the contraption he and Cosyns have devised over a period of nine years and which has been named a "bathyscaphe." The two plan the first descent for this autumn. "And if we come up again" begins Piccard without more than passing thought to the "if" part.

Cosyns himself is prematurely old, stooping and grey, from his experiences with the Gestapo. But he still possesses the resilience to light up at mere thought of the Jules Verne adventure ahead.

The Germans gave Cosyns a terrible cat-and-mouse time, sentencing him three times to death and each time reprieving him at the last moment. This they did because they had made up their minds that their captive was much more important even than a Resistance leader: they believed he held a vital secret bearing on the use of stratospheric weapons.

AS an indication of the adventure ahead, the deepest a diver can go is 180 feet and a submarine, 900 feet. Far and away the deepest down any human being has been is just under a mile, which the American Beebe accomplished in his "bathysphere" thirteen years ago. But that was a failure in the essential thing. Beebe was in a sort of diving bell which was lowered by cable, and not only was he constantly preoccupied by the live risk of the cable being broken, but his lighting equipment failed to penetrate the water below half a mile, when everything becomes opaque.

Accordingly the Piccard-Cosyns "marine balloon" (because it's expected to behave in water as a balloon does in the air) will break entirely new . . . water. Now being finally assembled in a corner of Antwerp docks, it is built to go down under its own power and yet withstand the terrific pressure which should equal 20,000 tons on the five-inch steel body at the greatest depth aimed at. And the lighting must be guaranteed 100 per cent—since what is the use of trying to explore life in the depths of the ocean if you can't see a thing when you get there?

The revolutionary novelty is that the petrol carried will not be used as fuel but is to be gradually exchanged for sea water.

The model shows that, on top, will be a cluster of petrol tanks enclosed in a metal casing. This upper object will be approximately seven yards long, five yards deep, and three yards across. It will have various things sticking out of the roof for communicating with the surface by a new asdic device and for assembling scientific data, but what sticks out below is more important.

This takes the form of a sphere, six feet in diameter, fixed to the upper part but much smaller than it. In this cabin will sit the two men who will breathe oxygen as they did in their hermetically sealed cabin up in the stratosphere. All around them will be gadgets, gadgets. Acutely cramped space cannot be avodied in experiences of this kind and six feet four-inch Piccard will be much more doubled up than Cosyns. The men will be hemmed in by instruments to watch and control, while at the same time making observations through the portholes which are of a special plastic material, for even the strongest glass or quartz would crack;

(*Continued on page* 52)

Dr. Diazola and Señor Ferñao asked a lamp standard how to get to the Grovechester House Hotel

Fog

The Experience Of Two Gentlemen From Foreign Parts During A Spell Of London Weather

By Alan Jenkins

THE streets of London had been filled with solid brown fog for four days. Dr. Diazola and Señor Ferñao, coughing and shivering, jostling against unseen objects, some inanimate, some human, but none divine, emerged from Piccadilly Circus Underground Station.

All traffic had stopped. There had been no taxis at Waterloo. The train from Southampton had taken seven and a half hours. The Channel crossing from Cherbourg had lasted an afternoon and a night—or a day, they were not sure which.

Dr. Diazola and Señor Ferñao asked a lamp standard how to get to the Grovechester House Hotel, and fought their way along what they hoped was Piccadilly. It was a quarter to seven when they reached the hotel.

"His Excellency the Paraguayan Minister of Commercial Development, and Secretary," announced Ferñao at the reception desk.

"You were expected two days ago, gentlemen. The Vice-President of the Trade Delegation has been telephoning several times a day since Wednesday, and——"

"We were delayed," Dr. Diazola gasped. "All the aircraft at Le Bourget were grounded by the fog. Are the other delegates staying here?"

"No, sir. The accommodation problem is acute nowadays." The clerk sniffed at Dr. Diazola's portfolio and Señor Ferñao's briefcase. "Have you no baggage, gentlemen?"

"That is still at Southampton. We had a terrible journey!" His Excellency went off into a paroxysm of sneezing. Señor Ferñao came to the rescue: "Where are our rooms, please?"

"Z.505 and 642. This way, please." The clerk waved them to a battery of lifts.

"We are extremely tired," panted Dr. Diazola. "We should like dinner immediately, please."

"Dinner, sir? Surely you mean breakfast?"

"Anything," said Dr. Diazola weakly. "Ferñao didn't you tell me that the English breakfast takes place in the morning?"

"I—I have always understood so, Excellency. However, I believe that the English breakfast is much the same as the English dinner. Both are uneatable."

"I am too tired to care. I shall go to bed immediately after dinner—I mean breakfast—and I advise you to do the same, Ferñao. Come to my room at eight to-morrow morning and we will discuss the final details of Paraguay's case before going to the Anglo-Latin-American Trade Conference at twelve-thirty."

Illustrations by Frank Lea

"Very good, Excellency. Sleep well."

Dr. Diazola's reply was a sneeze that shook the entire vestibule. In his room Dr. Diazola lifted the telephone: "Will you please send up the evening newspapers at once."

Room Service was puzzled. "The *evening* papers, sir?"

"That is what I said," snapped Dr. Diazola. "Why should I want morning papers at this time of day? Of night, I mean?"

He ate his meal of porridge, toast and tea in deep gloom. He had heard much of Britain's precarious food situation, but had never dreamed it was as bad as this. In Paraguay, he reflected, even Indians dined better than this. In Paraguay, moreover, it was now blazing summer. . . . He sighed yearningly.

THE newspapers arrived. Wearily he glanced through them, trying to gauge the mood of Britain and the extent of national apathy likely to be shown towards an intensification of commercial brotherhood between the United Kingdom and Paraguay.

Then, with a shock, he noticed the date: Friday, February the Sixteenth. . . . But that was the date of the opening of the Conference! Horrified, he lifted the telephone again and asked for Room Z.642.

"Ferñao!"

"Excellency?" a sleepy voice answered.

"You're a fool, Ferñao."

"Indeed, Excellency?"

"I have just sent for the evening newspapers, and I find they are dated February the sixteenth. You realize what this means?"

"It means—that the Conference has already begun to sit, sir," quavered Ferñao.

"To-day is not to-day, but yesterday," fumed Dr. Diazola.

"Or rather, to-day is in fact to-morrow, sir," Ferñao corrected.

"Don't quibble," shouted Dr. Diazola with a Paraguayan oath. "It is clear that the Conference began at midday to-day—*without* Paraguay." He added, in a terrible voice, "Come to my room at once."

"Very good, Excellency."

"I make you fully responsible for this, Ferñao," stormed Dr. Diazola. "Whose duty is it to see that we are on time wherever we go? Whose duty is it to look after matters of detail such as this, on which so much—perhaps even the economic

future of our country—depends? Whose duty but yours, Ferñao?"

"I am devastated with sorrow, sir. This fog—it is all so confusing—one does not know whether it is night or day."

"It is your job to know, Ferñao. You have visited England before. This abominable meal we have just eaten, for instance—was that dinner or breakfast? Are these the morning or the evening newspapers? In a word—is it night or day?"

Ferñao shuffled nervously through the papers.

"They don't even mention the conference," Dr. Diazola went on in disgust. "Nothing but sport, sport, sport. Cricket, football, racing. Especially racing."

Ferñao cleared his throat. His face lit up with fresh confidence. "Sir, these are definitely evening papers."

Dr. Diazola groaned. "Then it is night, and the conference is already sitting." He held his perspiring forehead in his hands.

"No, sir." Fernao gave a superior smile. "It is still morning."

Dr. Diazola stood up angrily. "This is no joking matter, Ferñao. You are telling me that English evening newspapers are published and read in the morning?"

"Yes, sir."

Dr. Diazola threw his hands helplessly in the air. "Everything I have so far seen in this country is insane. No wonder, since in this everlasting fog, there is no difference between day and night. How do people know when to sleep; when to get up; when to make love; when to go to work? Can they distinguish between sun and moon; between black and white?"

Señor Ferñao placed a soothing hand on His Excellency's shoulder, pressing him gently down into his seat again. "I should explain, sir, that the first or 'sporting editions' of London evening papers are on sale by about ten o'clock in the morning. They are followed by a so-called Lunch Edition which people read over their morning coffee, and so on through further editions until the Final Night Edition, which the British public, which seems unable to consume food and news separately, read over their five o'clock tea."

"Five in the morning?"

"No, Excellency. In the afternoon."

"Fantastic," Dr. Diazola snorted. "That's the weakness of democracy—no order."

"There are many confusing things in England, sir," Ferñao murmured apologetically. "For instance, a matinée—the word is derived from the French for 'morning'—is something that takes place in the afternoon or evening."

"Such a perversion of all that is logical is—" Dr. Diazola spluttered "—it's horrible!" He looked miserably out of the window at the opaque brown vapour. "Am I to assume, then, that it is now morning?"

"That is correct, sir," beamed Ferñao. "The morning of the sixteenth."

"What time is it?"

"Ten-fifteen, sir. The conference opens in two hours and a quarter."

Dr. Diazola cursed the other members of the Paraguayan delegation for having neglected the safety and comfort of their leader. His rage spent, he seemed to collapse. "I cannot keep my eyes open," he moaned. "We have not slept for thirty-six hours. At least I can get forty minutes' sleep before we need start for the conference."

"We certainly need it, sir."

"I do not include you, Ferñao. You will make yourself personally responsible for waking me."

"But, sir, I too—"

"BUT I beg to point out, sir, that these are not evening papers. They are morning papers."

"It will not be remarked if *you* sleep through the conference," snapped Dr. Diazola. "But it is essential for the honour of the Paraguayan Republic that *I* remain awake."

"Very good, Excellency. Good night, sir . . . I mean, of course, good morning." Ferñao went to his own room.

DR. DIAZOLA flung himself on his bed fully-dressed. He dared not switch the light off for fear of sleeping too deeply. Through the window he could just see the misty glow of street lamps. His eyelids, weighed down with fatigue, closed; and he instantly fell into the profoundest slumber.

He awoke with a start, a shiver of cold, and a sense of panic. Outside it was darker than ever: the neon lights were almost invisible. He looked at his watch: ten-to-eleven. Why had not Ferñao awakened him? His hand shot out irritably to the phone, but a fearful suspicion detained it. He held the watch to his ear: not a sound! Had he forgotten to wind it last night, or was it not made for such climates as this? When was last night, anyway? He did not know. He knew only a premonition of disaster, a growing conviction which he dared not believe.

Agitatedly he telephoned Ferñao's room. There was a vain buzzing along the line. "No reply, sir. Do you want to leave a message?"

Furiously Dr. Diazola hung up. Ferñao had either gone out and left him in the lurch, or he was so fast alseep that he could not hear his own telephone bell.

Dr. Diazola called Room Service: "What is the time, please?"

"Seven minutes to eleven, sir."

A still uglier fear gripped him. "Is it morning or evening?" he gasped.

Room Service, whose life yielded little humour these days, was amused. "You can't hardly tell, can you?" she chirped amiably.

"I am not joking," shouted Dr. Diazola. This made the girl laugh more than ever. "Aren't you lucky, having a hangover like that?" she chuckled.

To add to Dr. Diazola's general frustration, he now became conscious of a gnawing hunger. "I want a meal at once, please. Is it too late for dinner?"

"Well, really—! I'll have a snack sent up to you if you like, sir."

Snack—what was snack? Something to eat, presumably. Well, anything was better than nothing. "Thank you. Oh—and the papers, please."

Dr. Diazola was wide awake now; really, his sleep had done him an enormous amount of good; he felt perfectly rested and full of energy. He felt as if he had slept a day and a night through. Perhaps he had.

Perhaps he had. The thought rebounded and hit him between the eyes. At once it all became only too clear. He had slept from ten-fifteen (*a.m.*) to ten-fifty (*p.m.*). Twelve hours and thirty-five minutes of deep healthy sleep. He had, as the saying went, "slept the clock round." That was why his watch had stopped—of course. Unless——

No, no. The thought was too much. It made the brain spin. Unless—unless he had slept the clock *twice* round, and he had enjoyed no less than twenty-four hours and thirty minutes of deep healthy sleep.

Stunned, Dr. Diazola looked out of the window, looking hopelessly for a sign. The fog, the darkness, the faint glow of the lamps—they were just the same. His agitation mounting to panic, he flung himself upon the telephone and called Ferñao's room. There was a fruitless ringing at the other end. Even as he replaced the receiver, Ferñao himself burst into the room.

"Excellency, a thousand apologies——"

Dr. Diazola cut through icily: "Ferñao, I need hardly tell you that you are dismissed. The harm you have done to our country is irreparable."

"Excellency, I strove to keep awake," wailed Ferñao. "But, as you know, I needed sleep as much as you did."

"The conference opened this morning—or possibly even yesterday morning—without us," Dr. Diazola's voice trembled. "Can you visualize the impression that must have been created? The Paraguayan delegates sitting there, dumb and impotent, without a spokesman, without yourself as interpreter? The laughing stock of Latin America, Ferñao. Mocked by Brazil, spat on by Argentina, despised by Chile. Bitterest of all—" Dr. Diazola's voice rose to a howl of lamentation—"our hated national enemy, Bolivia, has assuredly seized the opportunity to triumph over us in our absence."

"The Gran Chaco—!" groaned Ferñao.

"Precisely. I am glad to see that you appreciate the enormity of your folly. The Gran Chaco, for which we so desperately fought fifteen years ago, will not remain ours for long if Bolivia beats us at the conference. (*Continued on page* 64)

A Coronation Without The Queen

The July Scandal Of 1821

By Wilma Buckley

King George IV being crowned king by the Archbishop of Canterbury in Westminster Hall on July 19, 1821

(*On left*) Queen Caroline, wife of George IV, who was refused admittance to the coronation of her husband. (*Reproduced from the portrait by James Lonsdale in the National Portrait Gallery*)

ON July 19, 1821, Queen Caroline Amelia Augusta, wife of George IV, was refused admittance to Westminster Hall for the Coronation.

A scandal of such magnitude, in such high places, seems unbelievable to us to-day. Even a hundred and twenty-six years ago, in an age when the great and the royal furnished no kind of an example, the exclusion of a Queen of England from her rightful crowning caused something more than a stir. A good time was had, not by all, but by the "Yellow Press" of those times; and lampoonists, cartoonists, and pamphleteers made much of their opportunity.

Warned by the Privy Council that no arrangements had been made for her attendance at the Coronation, Queen Caroline was, nevertheless, determined to assert her rights. Early on this July morning, the suitably bejewelled queen proceeded in a carriage-and-six to Westminster Hall, only to be refused admittance at three different entrances, the Guards having been ordered not to let her pass. The crowd milled around the carriage, shouting encouragement or abuse according to each one's taste, the undignified scene ending in the queen's withdrawal from Westminster precincts.

The Coronation took its course, King George IV was crowned without his queen, and a prominent place in the hall was given to the king's reigning favourite, Lady Conyngham—described by a wit as, "The Vice-Queen!"

Sensational as was this regrettably public episode, the events that led up to it were no less startling (in view of the social stature of the protagonists). Caroline, daughter of the Duke of Brunswick-Wolfenbüttel, was married to the Prince of Wales in 1795. The prince, overburdened with debts, secretly married already to Mrs. Fitzherbert, involved with Lady Jersey, was in no mood for the alliance, more or less forced upon him by his father, George III.

After Caroline had given birth to a daughter, the Princess Charlotte, in 1796, the royal couple separated, Caroline retiring to "an elegant villa" at Charlton, near Blackheath.

The prince's profligacy, his cruelty, his selfishness (in spite of his debonair charm), caused a stir of public indignation, the sympathies of the people, in general, being all on Caroline's behalf. Unfortunately, the neglected wife was manœuvred by her enemies into a false position; reports were circulated reflecting on her conduct, and her adoption of William Austin, the small son of a dockyard labourer whose family the (*Continued on page* 66)

The trial of Queen Caroline. A bill to dissolve her marriage and to deprive her of her rights and privileges as queen was brought before the House of Lords in August, 1820, and was abandoned after its third reading in the following November. (*Reproduced from the painting by Sir George Hayter in the National Portrait Gallery*)

THE POETIC ELOPEMENT

The Story Of Shelley's Courtship And Runaway Marriage To Harriet Westbrook

Historical Romances IV.

Illustrations by Jack Matthew

WHEN the romantic young poet Shelley was expelled from Oxford for publishing a pamphlet on *The Necessity of Atheism* he took lodgings in Poland Street, Soho. No money came from his incensed father; he was almost penniless, living on bread and raisins, except for small gifts sent him by his sisters, schoolgirls in a Clapham Academy.

Their go-between was a school-friend, Harriet Westbrook—sweet sixteen, light-brown hair, delicate complexion, gay, vivacious. Was it surprising that the lonely, melancholy youth should discuss philosophy, take walks with her, and sometimes visit her and his sisters at Clapham, to be idolised for his fine eyes, poetic curls, and careless, open-necked collar?

"I am *not* in love," he told his friend Hogg, having recently emerged from a disappointed love for another Harriet, his cousin. But there were all the makings of love in their frequent meetings. Once he was summoned to her home in Chapel Street, Mayfair, where she lay ill in bed, pale but lovelier than ever. Her father, a retired publican, was too busy entertaining friends to say more than "How-d'ye-do?" to Shelley. Her elder sister Eliza soon found that her bedside chatter with him—about Love—gave Harriet a headache, so she left them alone. He stayed until long after midnight, while the company roistered below, and the vigil had a wonderfully healing effect on the invalid. After all, wasn't the ardent young poet heir to a baronetcy and a large fortune?

Revolutionary, idealistic, Shelley esteemed free love above marriage, whose laws he dubbed "odious and hateful." His prejudices, however, forsook him when Harriet wrote complaining that her schoolfellows were boycotting her for associating with so dangerous a young atheist. A mistress, too, had warned her against him. Rather than go back she would kill herself. "Why live?" she asked. "No one loves me, and I have no one to love. Is suicide a crime . . .?" and so on.

Shelley urged her to refuse to return to a place which tormented her, and wrote her father, protesting. Outraged, the latter decided that go she must. Harriet then wrote again. She was

Once Shelley was summoned to Harriet's home in Chapel Street, Mayfair, where she lay ill in bed, pale but lovelier than ever

COACH OFFICE

miserable, cruelly persecuted: to save killing herself she would elope with him, were he willing. . . . When next he saw her she was pale, worn, tragic. "They have made you suffer!" he cried compassionately. "No, no," she protested, but her eyes, brimming with love for him, betrayed her words. He took her small hand. Henceforth he was hers, heart and soul. She should suffer no more for his sake.

IN August 1811 Harriet secretly left her home, and the young lovers—Shelley was only nineteen—boarded the mail-coach for Edinburgh and a runaway marriage. Although by now he had made peace with his father, who made him a £200-a-year allowance, he had to borrow a few pounds before leaving London, and arrived penniless. Thomas Love Peacock, an intimate friend, states that they managed to get lodgings with an Edinburgh tradesman on credit, and also a loan for the wedding, on condition that the bridegroom would treat him and his friends to a supper in honour of the occasion.

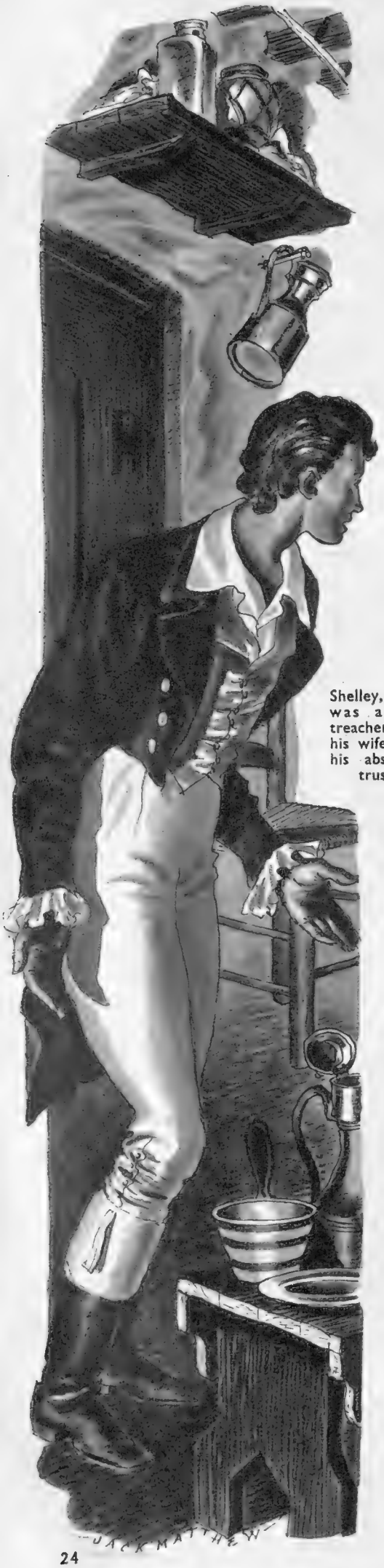
Evidently the celebration was a boisterous one, for after the couple had retired to their room the landlord tapped on the door and said: "It is customary here at weddings for the guests to come in, in the middle of the night, and wash the bride with whisky." Shelley was outraged at the suggestion. "I immediately," he said, "caught up my brace of pistols, and pointing them both at him, said to him—'I have had enough of your impertinence; if you give me any more of it, I will blow your brains out'; on which he ran or, rather, tumbled downstairs, and I bolted the doors."

He regarded the marriage as "an act of will and not of passion," but was sufficiently captivated to write an old family friend: "If Harriet be not at sixteen all you are at a more advanced age, assist me to mould a really noble soul into all that can make its nobleness useful and lovely. Charming she is already unless I am the weakest of error's slaves."

Hogg, who duly joined them in Edinburgh, thought her charming too; in fact, he was overcome by her radiant young beauty. While Shelley worked at a learned translation, Hogg took her for walks to Arthur's Seat—and not only for the inspiring view over the city. The honeymoon idyll thus became a triangle one. Harriet would even sit reading to him when the weather kept them indoors.

"We have met once more and will never part again!" Shelley had exclaimed on Hogg's arrival. What more

In August 1811 Harriet secretly left her home, and the young lovers—Shelley was only nineteen—boarded the mail-coach for Edinburgh and a runaway marriage



natural than that the Shelleys should accompany him on his return to York? Here, too, they had dingy lodgings, for money was again a pressing problem. Shelley must take the coach to London, contact a friend of the family and try to make better arrangements. His faithful friend Hogg would look after Harriet while he was away.

Hogg looked after her so devotedly that he now found himself head over heels in love and gave up trying to conceal the fact. Could he be blamed, when Shelley virtually cast her into his arms? The poet was always lecturing her, correcting her mistakes. Hogg, on the other hand, paid her pretty compliments, frankly adored her—she was so ravishingly pretty—and encouraged her to talk of her schooldays.

Soon he was confessing his headlong love. Harriet, less pleased than shocked, adopted the rôle of the virtuous young wife defending her honour. Didn't he see how odious his behaviour was? "Percy gave me into your care and you betray his confidence!" What could the erring Hogg do but promise to be good? She, on her side, would say nothing to Percy, for it would grieve him deeply.

The situation was relieved by the arrival of Eliza on a visit. Hogg disliked her; she was plain, common, suspicious. "What! Harriet left alone with this young man, who dares to call her 'dearest'? Scandalous!" Hogg, unfortunately, did little to allay her suspicions. He was constantly suggesting walks with Harriet, which Eliza promptly opposed.

Shelley returned to an atmosphere awkward, strained. Eliza kept to her room; Harriet and Hogg were excessively cold and guarded with each other. "Why?" Shelley demanded of Harriet. Wasn't Hogg his dearest friend? Must she cold-shoulder him just because she now had her sister? "He's a nice sort of friend!" she retorted—and out came the whole story of the treachery, the passionate wooing. She had not meant to speak of it, but only yesterday he'd vowed he couldn't live without her and would kill himself if he couldn't have her love. . . .

Shelley, advocate of free love, was amazed at Hogg's treachery. Trying to seduce his wife, taking advantage of his absence, betraying the trust reposed in him

The advocate of free love was amazed. Hogg, trying to seduce his wife, taking advantage of his absence, betraying the trust reposed in him? It was shameful. He must have it out with him. . . .

The inquest was held on a walk through the fields around York. Poor Hogg was very ashamed of himself under the fire of his friend's exalted sentiments concerning lust, passion, animal instincts. Alas, he pleaded, he couldn't resist beauty in women, and Harriet was extremely beautiful. He tried to fight against the love, but it was invincible. No woman in the world, however, was worth the sacrifice of such a friendship. He'd try to forget if they would forgive him and let life return to its old footing.

To this the aggrieved husband, having unburdened himself of a righteous indignation and seen his friend's genuine contrition, agreed—until the shocked Eliza exclaimed: "What, you mean to go on living with that fellow? Good heavens! What of Harriet's poor nerves?" Then they packed hurriedly, and the next day the disconsolate Hogg found they had flown. . . .

Did Harriet recall those romantic days when, years later, she ended her life in the wintry Serpentine? Even the two children she bore Shelley could not save an incompatible marriage. They drifted apart, and from the moment he met Mary Godwin, whom he married after Harriet's suicide—it was doomed. The lovely, ardent young bride with—as Peacock wrote—"the tint of the blush rose shining through the lily" of her fair complexion could not have known it at the time, but the poetic elopement with genius was prematurely with—death.

[END]

Treasure House *of the* World's Diamonds

Where And How The Rough Stones Are Graded And Sold

By L. W. Phelps-Orion

THERE'S nothing unusual about No. 32 Holborn Viaduct, except perhaps the cleanliness of its windows in a blitzed zone of London. It is a craggy, old-fashioned office building, its cornices chipped by bomb fragments and its chimney-pots set askew. Yet if you happen to own just a single diamond the chances are twenty to one it has passed through this building or its bomb-razed predecessor. Unostentatious, dirty, shabby, No. 32 is the headquarters of the Diamond Trading Company, the firm that handles ninety-five per cent of all the world's uncut diamonds and indirectly controls the mining output of rough stones around the globe.

And how's business in this amazing monopoly? The answer is going to mean another slight increase in prices for the dealers—there are barely 500 in the whole world—who buy £20,000 parcels of rough stones as nonchalantly as most folk buy a packet of cigarettes. For business is booming. Last year the D.T.C. sold £30,000,000 worth of diamonds, a new high record, five times the average prewar figure.

On a registered capital of £5,000,000 that's more than good going. It represents a twenty-five per cent increase on 1945, nearly doubles up on 1944. And this year's diamond 'sights,' or sales, the confident but discreet salesmen at No. 32 believe, will show a still higher turnover.

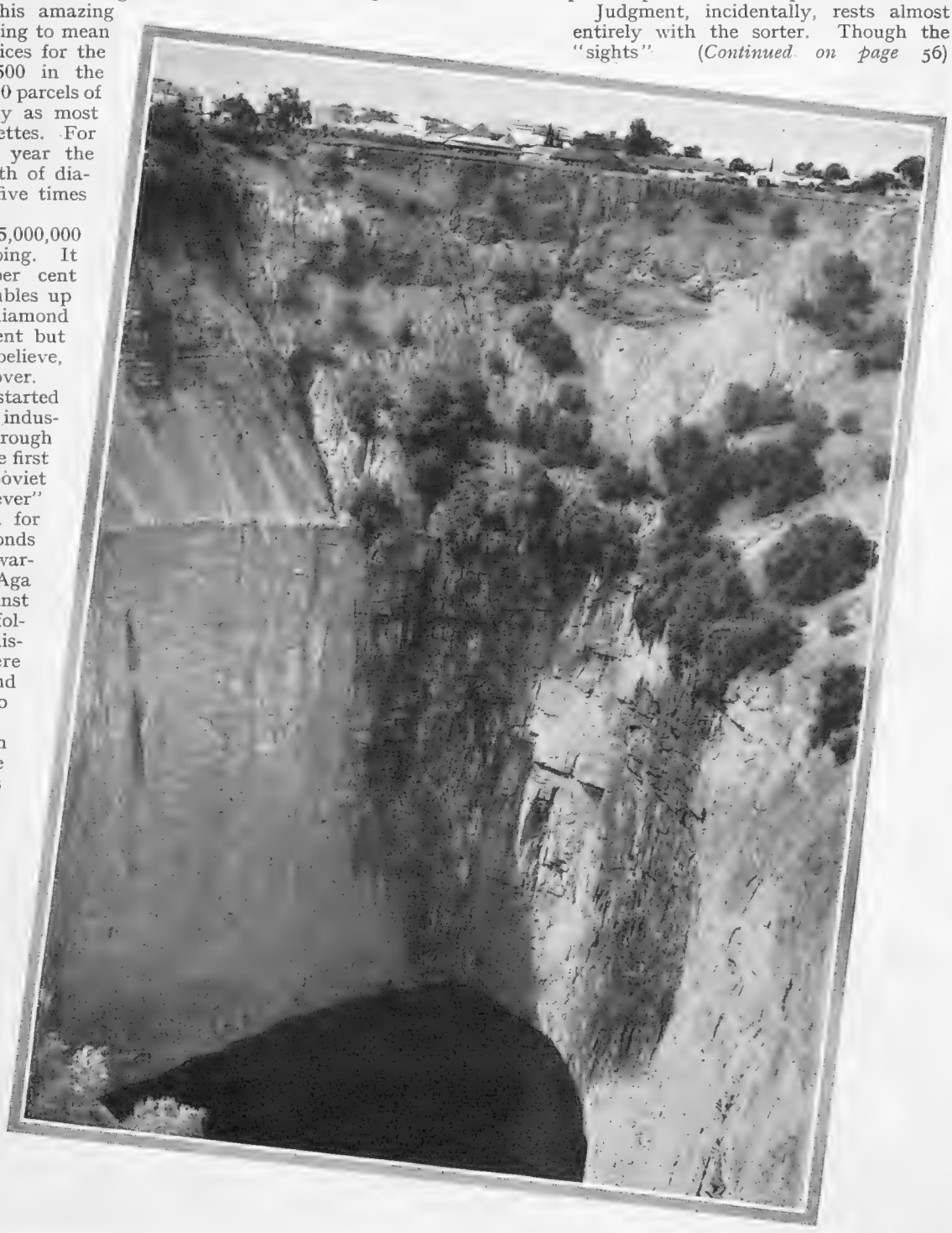
When Belgium recently restarted her Antwerp diamond-cutting industry, £100,000 worth of rough stones of the finest water were first bought at the Viaduct. Soviet Russia placed its "biggest ever" trade order with the D.T.C. for £2,000,000 of yellow diamonds for regrinding the tools of war-worn industry. When the Aga Khan was richly weighed against diamonds by his religious followers, the stones, mainly discoloured industrials, were loaned by the D.T.C. and afterwards flown back to London.

And that's nothing. Though Holland and America are the chief buyers, dispatch orders of the million-dollar calibre have recently been airmailed to Canada, Palestine, France, Spain and Cuba. Currently stored in a safe in the vaults of No. 32, the D.T.C. also has the world's biggest uncut diamond, a five-ounce bauble picked up by a native workman in Sierra Leone two years ago. Ranking the eighth largest in diamond precedence, cut or otherwise, it may have to be split into two to make it saleable.

AN array of uncut diamonds looks like a spilling of sugar or soda-pebbles. You could visit No. 32 without seeing a single diamond or noticing the plain-clothes detectives. Only executives visit the four upper rooms where thirty girls work beneath large northern windows sorting and re-grading the stones—the fine "sand," the heavier "melée," both under one carat, the "cleavage," larger uncut stones with flaws, and the "sizes," which include the more valuable specimens.

Born into diamonds, their parents and grandparents probably graders or cutters, handpicked and trained from their schooldays, some of the elder girls have taken ten years or more to become truly expert. Diamonds weigh 142 carats to the ounce and a one-carat stone may be a "sizer" worth £100—roughly three-fifths the cost of the finished stone—or an exceptionally poor yellow industrial. The colouring of the stones is due to various metallic oxides and may range from coal-black to emerald-green or rose-pink. The best roughs are blue-white, but stones with a rare red and through-green tinge are also highly esteemed. A good sorter can grade a stone at a glance, but in addition grades are also made up into separate "mixed" parcels for clients.

Judgment, incidentally, rests almost entirely with the sorter. Though the "sights" (*Continued on page* 56)



"The Big Hole," the great Kimberley diamond mine to which the Royal Party paid a visit during their recent tour of South Africa. Sir Ernest Oppenheimer, chairman of De Beers, explained to the Royal Party that this vast funnel-like cavity, 1,300 feet deep, was that which Cecil Rhodes amalgamated with the De Beers mine to form the greatest of all diamond monopolies. The mine is no longer producing

Design In Red

A Study In Criminology

By Barry Perowne

NOVEMBER rain tingled against the tall windows of the club library. In the wan afternoon light, Alonzo Bede sat with his wide, bony shoulders snugged down in a leather chair. His gangling, tweed-clad legs were crossed. His rimless spectacles were thrust up on to his furrowed, leathery forehead, almost into his grey shock of hair. Alone in the library, he was reading in a literary quarterly an article written by himself.

Alonzo Bede didn't write for money; he had a modest private income. He wrote for esteem. Esteem he had to have, if he forced it from his fellow men with thumbscrews. He had been a university lecturer, but such was the arrogance of his intellect and the offensiveness of his manner that no faculty would endure him. Hence, at fifty, he was reduced to mysogonistic glowering in the club library, and since his hobby was criminology, to a critical haunting of law courts.

Once, as the result of a hint he had given to the police in a murder case, he had seen his name in headlines, and liked the look of it. But Scotland Yard had shown no subsequent eagerness to consult him. They had about as much memory there, sneered Alonzo Bede to himself, as the anthropoid apes.

The library door opened and a waiter came in.

Looking up over his book, Bede saw that it was the new waiter, Walter Fagg, who had been at the club just a week. Throughout that week Bede's mind had been troubled by a sense of obscure associations. Now, his malicious little pale eyes, grey-thatched, followed the waiter speculatively as he crossed to the bookshelves.

The man walked cat-footed. He was tall, narrow-shouldered, with silky brown hair parted at the side, and a sallow, gaunt face. As he reached up to place a book on the shelf, Bede's querulous, nasal voice whipsawed across the quiet:

"Been reading, Fagg?"

The waiter turned with a convulsive grimace that screwed his long neck up sidewise out of his collar—a nervous mannerism.

He said, "Yes, sir, I took the liberty of borrowing a book."

"What book?" said Bede.

"*The Bridge of San Luis Rey*, sir."

"*The Bridge*," said Alonzo Bede slowly, "*of San Luis Rey*." Again he had that sense of tentative memory links.

He took up his own book with a grunt, and the waiter moved to the door. Bede's eyes followed him. As the door closed, Bede unhooked his spectacles, rasped them thoughtfully against his cadaverous jaw. He grew still. For a full minute he sat in a sort of rigour, staring before him. Then he struck the arm of his chair gently, tensely, with an open palm.

"Pettifer!" said Alonzo Bede. "Ye gods, *Pettifer!*"

Rising, he walked to the tall windows, stood staring out.

IT would have been about ten years ago that the Pettifer trial had taken place. Charged with the murder of two neighbours, man and wife, he had claimed that he was clairvoyant, that he had detected some kind of cosmic pattern in his victims' lives.

"Death," muttered Alonzo Bede, "as the artistic conclusion of a transcendent design. Pettifer as self-elected instrument of destiny—"

It was coming back vividly to him. Accused had talked extravagantly about *The Bridge of San Luis Rey*. He had distilled nourishment for his own mania from a philosophy of benevolent design propounded in a noble book.

"Eternal rhythms," said Alonzo Bede, with rising excitement, "as a dynamic for murder—"

About the traffic surge from the street below, winking now with lights as the daylight waned, rose the far wail of an ambulance siren. Drops beat fast against the window.

Pettifer had been found guilty but insane. He had been incarcerated in a criminal asylum, and forgotten. He had been forgotten for ten years. But a month or two back, if Bede's memory served him, a paragraph had appeared reporting his escape: Pettifer, with his clairvoyant urge to terminate people's "life patterns" by smashing their skulls in.

Bede poked his spectacles absently into his waistcoat pocket. He thought of the Yard, which had neglected him; of the public, which was indifferent to him; of his fellow club-members—especially a trio known as Hemel, Colton and Weems—among whom he was as a prophet without honour. Alonzo Bede began to rub his dry, hard palms together, his expression exultant, cunning.

"If I'm right—" said Alonzo Bede.

If he were right, then working here in the club was an escaped homicidal maniac.

The ambulance shot by with a howl under the windows. Its siren went grieving away into the distance.

THE three cronies, Hamel, Colton and Weems, affected a connoisseurship in crime. They were a carelessly assorted trio. Aubrey Hamel, the actor, had made a reputation in innumerable revivals of *Sherlock Holmes*. Alexander Colton, the music publisher, claimed a unique knowledge of detective fiction. As for Roland Weems, *flaneur*, whose sole occupation seemed to be inheriting legacies from aunts, his criminal taste probably was attributable to over-compensation for a plethora of female relatives.

For a while after Alonzo Bede's celebrated demonstration to the police, these three had been his disciples. They had hung respectfully on his words. And nothing had more deeply embedded the iron in Bede's soul than the gradual defection of these cronies. Nowadays, they actually avoided him.

Bede's intense desire to galvanize the complacency of this faithless trio was a definite factor in the vigour with which

THE door of Hamel's flat jerked open. Bede looked up. The actor stood lean and tall in a crimson Jaeger dressing gown

he pursued his investigations into the background of the new waiter.

Next morning, he sat in a newspaper office with his great shoulders hunched over the report of the Pettifer trial and that of the maniac's escape. Between the treatment of the two events, there was a significant contrast. Whereas the ten-year-old trial, though it had taken place in a distant part of the country, had rated many columns and photographs, the three-month-old escape had earned but a few parsimonious lines.

The fact was, Pettifer was forgotten. If his escape hadn't been news, reflected Alonzo Bede, his recapture would be little more so—*unless it so chanced that something should happen in between!*

Alonzo Bede disentangled his spectacles from his hair. In his mind's eye, he saw the tall figure of the waiter reaching up with a long arm to replace on the library shelf a book which evidently still exercised over him a compelling fascination: *The Bridge of San Luis Rey.*

Alonzo Bede rasped his bony jaw with his spectacles.

That night—another night of rain, of monotonous, steady downpour—Bede made an interesting discovery. Shadowing the waiter, very late, to his home, he found that the so-called Fagg lived on the top floor of a mean boarding-house, and that a fire-escape zig-zagged down the side of the building to a bombed, boarded-up lot.

Bede licked the rain from his lips.

So the waiter could, just supposing he were a maniac with an inspiration to terminate people's "life patterns," descend any night on to the streets, armed with a blunt instrument, and return unsuspected.

Alonzo Bede, as he turned away, felt the hair crinkle, not unpleasurably, at the nape of his neck.

But he told himself that it was only common prudence to delay any denunciation until there remained no shadow of doubt. And continuing his investigations, he amassed gradually an accurate picture of the waiter's movements, hours, habits.

Meantime, whenever he heard the cry of newsboys from the street, a singular thrill of expectation went through Bede—only to be succeeded by as keen a sense of disappointment when he studied the newspapers in question.

He began to feel a certain impatience.

Then one night, walking into the lounge, he chanced on the cronies Hamel, Colton and Weems, engaged in discussion of crime books. Dropping into a chair nearby, Bede horned in on the conversation. Rapidly his nasal, whipsaw voice took charge. It gnawed through all attempts at interruption. It ruthlessly bludgeoned down all opposition.

Alonzo Bede enjoyed himself. It was like old times. The fact that, whenever anyone rang for drinks, the waiter who answered was the ambiguous Fagg, contorting the right side of his face as he craned his neck up out of his collar, only confirmed Bede's consciousness of natural superiority.

He was dumbfounded by his hearers' opacity.

There now was Colton, his air of ruddy and cushioned well-being accentuated by the girth and aroma of his cigar, complacently accepting replenishment of his glass from a man whose very physical aspect betrayed all the symptoms of hallucination and incipient homicide. The idea occurred to Bede that it might be upon the "life pattern" of someone right here in the club that the waiter was even now clairvoyantly brooding.

Illustrations by M. Mackinlay

Why, thought Alonzo Bede, if it came to that, these three men—Colton with his grey-fringed, rosy dome, Hamel who bore so sedulous a resemblance to Sherlock Holmes, but lacked the intellect, and the wispy, elegant Roland Weems with his dissipated face and poached eyes—these three were cronies. They were inseparable. To think of one was to think of the three. To a student of human nature from Pettifer's uncommon standpoint, it might well seem that here was an instance of destinies interwoven.

The notion filled Alonzo Bede, even as he talked, with a strong sense of excitement. He watched the waiter narrowly, as he came and went, to see whether his glance were drawn irresistibly to, or lingered speculatively upon, any or all of the trio. But the man's protuberant, brown eyes remained demurely lowered. And then, as once more the door closed on the waiter, suddenly and violently Alexander Colton clapped down his glass on the table.

He snarled, "Ah, for heaven's sake, Bede, *shut up!*"

The harshness and virulence of the interruption arrested Alonzo Bede in mid-sentence. He stared.

Colton said savagely, "I'll tell you what your trouble is, Bede."

"Yes?" Alonzo Bede said softly, but his muscles were hard with hatred. "And what's my trouble, Colton?"

"Ah, what's the good?" said Colton, with an alcholic gesture. "Let it go!"

"Let it go?" said Alonzo Bede. Untangling his spectacles from his mane, he rose. "Very well," he said, looking down with his little, hard eyes at the three men. "Very well, we'll let it go. After all, jealousy—obvious intellectual jealousy—is neither a noble nor a profitable subject for discussion." He poked his spectacles into his waistcoat pocket. "I blame myself," he said. "I see now how it is. You oughtn't to talk to me, d'you know it? Little men like you." He renounced them with a weary smile, a shake of his great head. "I leave you to your—cogitations."

He managed to preserve his smile until the door had closed behind him, until he had collected his coat and hat and was outside the club—out in the dark and the street again. It was as well then, perhaps, that there was no one to see the look on Alonzo Bede's face—no one to see the look on his face, no one to guess the thoughts in his head, the torturing desire that Pettifer should strike, strike, strike again: *strike three times!*

THUS, at last, Alonzo Bede openly admitted to himself that he knew very well the waiter was Pettifer. He admitted further to himself that, in delaying a denunciation, he had been waiting for the apathy of London to be galvanized, and the stage set for his dramatic intervention, by a small epidemic of people found with their heads smashed in. This new idea—namely, that the victims might prove by some felicitous chance to be Hamel, Colton and Weems—opened up still more alluring prospects to Alonzo Bede. And he was thinking about them, restlessly prowling his massively furnished, gloomy flat toward seven next evening, when the telephone on his desk suddenly electrified the silence. He caught up the receiver.

"Bede?" said a voice. "Weems here."

"*Weems?*"

"Look, I've got to talk to you." The *flaneur* sounded jumpy, urgent. "Not in the club, Bede—and I don't want to come to your flat. This is private. It's not a thing I can make you understand over the 'phone. Could you come out here, d'you think?" He gave an address. "It's the house of an aunt of mine. She's away. I'm here alone. This—this is kind of a funny business, Bede! I'll be waiting for you."

"Are you drunk again?" Bede roared.

But the line was dead.

Bede stood scowling, mystified. Then the explanation sprang to his mind. This was one of the waiter's three half-days off a week. The man, Bede had learned, was believed to spend all his spare time in his room; but there was, of course, always the fire-escape.

Yes, he—Bede—had been right in his notion. Pettifer was on the trail of the three cronies. And he was starting with Weems! Weems had noticed something to make him (*Continued on page* 58)

HIS hands flew up to clasp the back of his head, convulsively. He cowered, eyes tight shut, teeth clenched

Edinburgh Castle where the Royal Mile starts. Its history is recorded since 1018 in the time of Malcolm Canmore

Holyrood Palace—the end of the Royal Mile—scene of Darnley's murder. Since the union, the palace of the Scottish Kings is now a palace of ghosts

John Knox's House. He is reputed to have spent his last days here. The house is now a museum

Whitehouse Close, Canongate. In the churchyard of the old Canongate Church, Burns's "Clarinda" and his friend, Fergusson, are buried

Lady Stair's Close. One of the old buildings which have been restored. It was from one of these windows the countess jumped to escape from her mad husband

The Royal Mile

Edinburgh's Historic Street

WHENEVER Edinburgh is mentioned, there springs to the mind a series of conventionalized pictures: garden-flanked Princes Street with its well-dressed, cosmopolitan crowds leisurely window shopping along its mile-long length; its fleet of Rolls-Royce taxis, the countless "Royal Appointment" signs that hang above every other shop door, and, of course, the Castle rising sheer above the city. This is the Edinburgh of the average visitor, the Edinburgh of the brochure and railway photograph. But there is another Edinburgh, little-publicised and unknown to the fashionable tourist—the "Old Town."

Poised high above the modern city is the old quarter. The "Lands"—ten- and twelve-storey tenements—jostling each other until, at any moment, it seems as if they must plunge into the valley below. Here, less than five miles walk from the luxury and splendour of Princes Street, is a world within a world. A seventeenth-century town in the heart of a modern city, with its own caste system, superstitions and language. The inhabitants cut off from the modern Edinburgh, living, shopping and entertaining themselves within their own boundaries. When they leave their closes, wynds and pends to visit the New Town, they are as lost as the newest visitor, and, (*Continued on page* 66)

The "Lands." Some of these buildings are twelve storeys high and were probably the first "skyscrapers." As the congestion in the Royal Mile was so great the only place to build, was up

Destiny-Man

WHEN Eve snatched up the long-awaited envelope in Captain Geoffrey Bristow's handwriting and saw that it had an English, instead of an Indian postmark, her spine went soft from sheer joyous relief.

So *that* was why her fiancé hadn't written for ages?

What agonies girls go through because the best men are the worst correspondents!

Even if Geoffrey's mere photograph in uniform on her mantelpiece did make girl visitors gasp *Eve! Is that the boy friend? How did you do it, woman?* she should have trusted him. She need not have let herself be tortured by doubts about his long silence. So he had been on his way back and only waiting to spring this heavenly surprise and to let her know how soon they were to meet? . . .

Joyfully Eve tore open the envelope.

Yes: Geoffrey wrote from the depôt of his regiment; he was home!

Eve read. . . .

Stared——

This letter—"the hardest he'd ever had to write"—told Eve he was mad sorry, that he felt a brute, but that he could not go on with their engagement. It was not that he had fallen for Anybody Else; but that two years away change a man. He wasn't the same person Eve had known, and he must ask her to release him.

The bottom fell out of Eve's world.

Yet—subconsciously, *hadn't she known this all along?*

Known, from the very start of their engagement that this was too wonderful to last. The much-run-after, magnificent Geoffrey, a Regular Army officer with a brilliant Service record, high-up relations, prospects, looks, brains, had proposed to mild unexciting little Eve Denholme, his uncle's confidential clerk in a Government office, a couple of weeks before he sailed for India. He'd asked if she'd wait for him. Dazzling Destiny! Eve had lived in a dream ever since—but with waking flashes of conviction, that she, with nothing glamorous or provocative about her, could never expect to hold Geoffrey. It was her destiny to have fallen for the Unattainable. These distinguished decorative male dragonflies *can* be domesticated into husbands, but——

Not by girls like me. *That* was why he wrote so seldom. . . . But now. . . . How am I to go on living? What *shall* I do? *What?*

Alone in her flatlet Eve spent—well, just One of Those Nights. Geoffrey's letter crackled under her wet pillow as she tossed.

Consequently her morning mirror showed her—instead of a pretty-ish, cream-skinned brownette with large wistful greeny-brown eyes—a circus clown. A chalk-white face with three red patches for nose and eyes.

So, after having telephoned the office that she feared she was in for 'flu and must take the day off, Eve rang up the only soul in London she could bear just now.

"May I speak to Doctor—Oh, Fairy Godmother! I must tell you what's happened, when could I come and——"

"To-night at eight," barked Doctor Vera Stanton, Eve's fairy-godmother.

No one could look that part less.

Neither *petite* nor pretty, she dressed in the severest of tailored suits, wore her pewter-grey hair in a crop, and was frank as a gale. Behind this façade she hid a heart. It had experienced other aspects of life than those of Hospital-and-Consulting Room, as Eve recognized! And, busy as she was, Doctor Vera generally found leisure for her god-daughter.

So the child was sending out an S O S? What was to be done for her?

DOCTOR Vera organized a tempting easy-to-eat little dinner. She waited for coffee and cigarettes, put her guest into

EVE saw—without seeming to look—that he was altered. He was thinner, however, not quite so pin-up perhaps; less of an all conquering air

the lap of a lazy chair and dimmed her sitting-room lights before she asked, "What's the trouble?"

Eve handed over that letter.

"M'm," said Doctor Vera, having read. "Thought better (or worse) of getting married, has he? Sorry for this. I thought it was a good click. Geoffrey such a tiger for worship, and you so worshipping. Went on too long, I suppose, with the lad too far away? There are too many of those cases about in these years of the Aftermath."

"Do they," Eve asked tensely, "ever come right?"

"Some do; some don't. What's this postscript?

'In a few months' time I'm putting in some of my leave with my aunt in London. If you felt like it, Eve, we might meet then, as friends?'

M'm. *'As friends'* in a man's voice or handwriting generally means the end."

Eve clenched her hands. Tremulously she asked, "You don't think there's any chance of—of his coming back?"

"No," said Doctor Vera; definitely. Though, as a matter-of-fact, she thought there might be. If Geoffrey were telling the truth and if he were *not* in the toils of the invincible Other Girl, there might yet be a chance.

Eve's godmother didn't mean Eve to build on that or to make the position worse by showing she expected it to improve.

"You've sent back his ring?"

"Yes." Sadly Eve regarded the small finger bereft of Geoffrey's emerald, which for two years had been her reminding comfort, joy and pride. "It went off, registered post, last night. I couldn't think what to write. So I didn't."

"Wise child. Well, now. There are two ways for a young woman to face a love-crash and go on with her life."

"Yes?" said Eve: forlornly.

"The first is easy. Throw in your hand. Since you are a blighted being with a broken heart, behave like one. Stay home by the gas-fire and mope. Drop your friends. Let your looks go. Be yourself: *poor little Eve* who finds nothing worth while any more. Have you been tempted to take that line? I have," admitted Doctor Vera. "Wasted a year on it once, when I was young and decent-looking.

"The second is the hard way. You want my advice, Eve? Take the second way. Put on a darned good act. Go out and seem to enjoy yourself like mad. As if you were—not the mere ex-fiancée of a glamour man—but a person in your own right. With a life, interests of your own. Or don't you want to let Geoffrey think you've salvaged anything from the rubble he's left?"

The ghost of a proud, self-respecting sparkle showed in Eve's hazel eyes.

"Fairy god-mother, where do I begin?"

"Build-up your morale." Dr. Vera glanced dryly at the girl's wan face and scrambled hair. "Don't let your appearance slip another inch before you re-condition it! If you can't afford a course of face-treatments and a new perm I'll lend you— No? Too independent? Then sell something. *Not* out of the hope chest. Girl alive, her trousseau is all the fun many a woman gets out of marriage. So you may as well have that. Sell what you're wearing, wear any new pretties you've been hoarding, play about with new make-up and start going out with a new man."

"I'd hate to go out with any other—I mean, I don't seem to know any men nowadays."

"Careless of you. No engaged girl should leave herself without a spare. Is there nobody to take you places? Not even a brother's school-friend?"

"There *was* a school-friend's brother," hesitated Eve, remembering. "A quiet, short-sighted type. Almost as unexciting as I am . . . but I'm afraid I'm one of these moth-girls, destined to fall for the star-man right out of reach. Grey wears porthole glasses and he's worked in another department of our office for ten years. He couldn't pass the doctor."

"Point is, can he dance?"

"Yes. We danced quite a bit before I was engaged to Geoffrey."

"Dance a bit more now you're free," said Doctor Vera sitting back, "and try out my prescription."

After A Broken Engagement And A Broken Heart, Eve Denholme Discovers How Brothers Can Be So Alike Yet So Unalike

By Berta Ruck

A FEW months later, Captain Geoffrey Bristow said to the smart, age-less, social aunt, at whose town-house he was spending his leave, "If you're having a crowd round for sherry next Saturday, why not ask little Eve Denholme?"

"Why not," agreed the aunt. She was past being surprised at men, even when, having successfully dis-engaged themselves from the unwanted fiancée, they start agitating for the girl's new address.

The magnificent Geoffrey had, in fact, regretted his engagement (due to last-minute impulse and the attraction of opposites) as soon as he'd got out to India. That is, when he remembered that he was engaged. India had been full of other interests, though he had escaped other entanglements. He'd thought his engagement would peter out on its own. Eve's correspondence hadn't been the petering-out kind. Back in England, he'd realized he must deal a knock-out blow to that tender heart.

Poor little Eve!

Then he'd had a bit of a shock. Startling, the letter with which poor little Eve had followed up her return of his ring. So eminently sensible? So coolly ready to "meet as friends" at some indefinite date? So utterly changed from the shy, subjugated little type whose eyes had followed his every movement with that *You-Are-My-Destiny* adoration?

It would be intriguing—well, reassuring to make certain: hence the invitation of Eve Denholme to his aunt's sherry-party. Perhaps Eve wouldn't be able to take it: would refuse. . . .

Eve accepted.

Eve arrived to face a big, L-shaped drawing-room solid with chattering, laughing, cigarette-smoking, sherry-sipping people. . . . All strangers—but one.

Eve saw him at once.

His back was to a shaded light, he wore a super town-suit instead of the uniform in which she had been used to see him, but his height and the set of his head on his grand shoulders made him stand out above any of the men there.

The tall fellow caught sight of Eve as she came in. He took up a glass of sherry, held it shoulder-high and began making his way through the crush towards her.

Eve waited, sure of herself as she had not been in the old days.

Eve was looking amazingly good in the new green cocktail suit that brought out notes of its own colour in her eyes. She had heard all about this from Grey; the old school-fellow's quiet brother with whom Eve had been lunching in Soho. At lunch, for the second time since Grey and she had taken to going out dancing again, Grey had proposed.

. . . Oh, Grey dear, you're grand and we do get on; but I don't think I want to get married.

Please think again, Grey had begged; devotion shone behind the port-hole glasses. *Anyhow I'm going to ask you again.*

What iron tonic has anything so stimulating to a girl's morale as a persistent proposal of marriage, even if it's not from the right man? Eve glowed and sparkled, in addition, with this moment's drama. She had now to meet, after two years, the man who had once made her feel she was the luckiest girl in the world, the man over whom she had later shed pints of scalding tears. The man who was the reason for her putting up such a fight, these last weeks. A victorious fight! She had ceased to be devastated by the loss of Geoffrey, she was a person in her own right, she could cope with her own destiny . . . though she could still care how he would re-act to this.

Here he came.

Eve was ready for it.

With a social smile she saw (without seeming to look!) that he was altered: well, you couldn't expect him not to have altered? He was thinner, browner, not quite so pin-up, perhaps; less of an all-conquering air. His eyes were as handsome as Eve remembered them under the brows that made a V like dark outspread wings.

"How are you?"

"How are *you?*" he said.

She had forgotten how charming his voice was. She had forgotten how well he looked after one; more expertly than dear old Grey. . . . Before she knew, he had steered her out of the crush and she was sitting comfortably with sherry, cigarette, cocktail sandwiches and deftly-attentive man in a dim, cushiony corner of the L.

"This is better," said the deep charming voice. "I hate mobs, don't you? Do you know most of the people here?"

"I don't," Eve said, lightly patting herself on the back. Whether the man had taken her into this dim corner to hold a post-mortem on their romance, or to ignore it and enjoy a spot of peace, or even to flirt a little and safely—whichever it was, Eve could cope. "I don't believe I know who anybody is; except you."

(*Continued on page* 68)

Illustrations by Albert Bailey

GEOFFREY found a girl crisply turned-out. Well-amused and genuinely enjoying herself—with somebody else

Sharing a House and Liking It

"WHAT? Share a house? But, my dear, it's fatal!" How often has it been said, yet more people are doing it to-day than perhaps at any other time in history, and in spite of what is reported from the police courts, any number of them are cheerfully surviving the fatality.

I am not referring to the properly converted house, either, but to that far less exalted and more or less customary arrangement of to-day by which friends or relations hand over a floor of their house, or even a few rooms, to tide over a young married couple until, well, just until. . . .

Those of us who, during the war, were evacuated, or opened their houses to evacuees, know most of the "magazine centres" in such arrangements. But if two women in a kitchen can be regarded as "war potentials," most of us know that two men in one bathroom in the morning, with the 8.30 to town as a common objective, are equally explosive material.

IT is a first plank in peaceful living, for sharers to try to shed the load in these two danger spots by intelligent planning. It should be quite possible to fix up a good gas-ring, or even two, for the junior home so that they may be independent for breakfast and secondary bouts of cooking. Or it may, on the other hand, be possible to think more gloriously along such lines as "package" kitchens, outside larders, tier saucepans, and so on. If not, come back to such basic details of organisation as one family having the weekly roast on Saturday and the other on Sunday.

The same approach is helpful with baking plans, one family perhaps using the oven in the morning, and the other in the afternoon, for the week-end pastries. The need for a definite business plan for the gas account goes without saying, and no pottering in and out of the other person's kitchen—when it's theirs.

In planning the rooms, if those with running water can be divided between the families, it greatly eases the bathroom situation. Fair divisions, clearly defined and agreed upon from the start, make for peace and tranquillity. Someone to "do" the communal hall and stairs, bathroom and kitchen once a week, paid equally by both families, provides another safety valve against domestic tension.

TWO clothes-lines in the garden make another contribution to peace. If you really hate washing to be hung out on any special day, or at any special hour, make this clear at the start. Last, but by no means least, in these difficult days, it is essential to have two distinct allocations of fuel and keep them separately, with a cut-and-dried plan for the joint contribution to hot water. In the long run it is the molehills that make mountains of irritation and frustration; the borrowing of this or that which we forget to repay promptly, and the small services which we take too readily for granted, or the other person's—never our own—untidiness which seems so unreasonable.

Set out this way, the whole business sounds like an arrangement that might be *endurable* with courage and fortitude. In reality I know personally three sets of comfortably human and imperfect individuals who are doing it and find their sharing quite genuinely satisfactory and even productive of sound compensations.

THERE is, for instance, nearly always someone at home to take in food or parcels, or to borrow the proverbial onion from. In illness or emergency there is likely always to be someone who will do at least the *essential* shopping.

Taken by and large, the situation is one which calls for common sense more than for any magical qualities of endurance. Anticipate your crises and budget for them before they come. Institute a small United Nations committee at which all disputes can be discussed and dealt with frankly. Grievances pile up and assume proportions out of all relation to their importance when they are permitted to go unspoken and unchallenged.

Sharing a house is not the ideal way of living. It is an expedient, and like the times we live in, calls for best behaviour in the best interests of all concerned.

"I Married An

We have heard a lot about the but here are some first thoughts Hunt, who might be called

BACK in my home town near Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, they admonished me severely: "Marrying a foreigner is a terribly serious step," they said. "You had better reconsider before you change your whole way of life. And you know there is no central heating in England!" Now when did central heating, or lack of it, matter to people in love . . . ?

Of course, there were things that did matter. Many of them. When an English Serviceman "on loan" to America asked me to marry him I had to decide whether I was prepared to share all the frustrations of post-blitz life with a "deprived" nation.

That I was prepared is obvious, because here I am with my husband. From a white satin church wedding in my hometown to a temporary home with his people in London we have taken the big plunge and made the long trek and, surprisingly, I have been conscious of few initial shocks.

When did central heating, or lack of it, matter to people in love?

In seven months my established ideas of England and the English have changed a lot. Where, in the first place, is that cold reserve that the untravelled American hears so much about and takes for granted? I haven't met it. Where is the hostility towards America the land of plenty? I expected it, but it hasn't materialised yet.

AS a people I find you unexpectedly broadminded, tolerant. Not stiff-necked and puritanical, as I thought. One might have expected that the G.I.s who threw money about with abandon and raised general whoopee might have left an unfortunate permanent impression. I find the English politely and tolerantly prepared to dismiss these excesses as uncharacteristic, which they were.

Geography informs us that the British Isles are small and overpopulated, so I had pictured it literally teeming with people packed tight into every square mile of limited space. The laugh was on me, and I am still open-mouthed at your spacious green countryside and the parks within your cities (even in the most populous districts of London). In some limited respects there seems *more* elbow room here than at home. Certainly in the big cities.

Frankly, the British women's clothes were the big eye-opener. To my astonished eyes, years of rationing seem to have produced a race of well-dressed women rather than a race of shabby ones: or have Americans been misinformed about your talent for dress? By comparison we at home have so much to choose from—too much, perhaps—because I find the simplicity of the average English wardrobe refreshing and somehow distinguished!

Again the laugh is on me, but it is a fact that many Americans picture Englishwomen in clothes which permanently alternate between tweeds and filmy garden-party gowns. Your devotion to tweeds (it would be more correct to say suits) I find a practical necessity. As to the garden parties, can anyone tell me how, in a world of easy communication, such absurd misconceptions still survive?

Where is the cold reserve?

English men . . . ? Well, being happily married to one I can look at them objectively and, on the average, I find the characteristics for which they are best known their most attractive. In comparison with American men, one finds them sober-minded, a little shy, at first acquaintance often inarticulate. The

An England teeming with prams and dogs.

"Englishman"

G.I. brides' impressions of America, on Britain by Patricia Malcolm a G.I. bride in reverse.

My countryman spends his money lavishly and with a flourish and worries *afterwards* if he is broke. Englishmen make far less display of spending. I find them not ungenerous but cautious in a commonsense way. The American way *is* exciting, but believe me, it is also hard to live with.

Yes, it *is true* that the English escort is less attentive than the American. At home women demand and take for granted such flattering attentions as the opening of doors, the pulling-out of chairs, expensive corsages, expansive compliments. In this sense she is a pampered creature and loves it—who wouldn't? but these attentions have only a superficial value, and let nobody be deceived about it!

BY our system of co-education the American boy grows up in the company of girls both at school and at University. It may be for this reason that he appears to depend more upon female companionship than the Englishman who, being segregated at school, develops exclusive masculine interests when very young. In any case, the Englishman, to me, seems far less woman-conscious; less obviously susceptible to the lure of pretty legs and forms divine. . . . Certain cynics have assured me that this merely indicates a greater degree of subtlety, a lesser degree of candour. I personally reject the theory.

About the English generally, I admire their ability to enjoy *little things*. Their self-reliance in leisure. When gardening, just walking, visiting the "local" or merely sitting at home *en famille*, they seem content and composed. Englishman lacks the "brashness" at first impact of the American man, but he grows on you.

I find this strange and reassuring after the feverish pursuit of entertainment in the United States.

This tranquillity is all part of my newly-focused picture of an England which seems to teem with prams and dogs; with people bicycling for miles and liking it; with people going to all lengths to get outdoors when outdoors so often means out in the rain; and of people with a tendency to "keep themselves to themselves" who still have an insatiable appetite for gossip!

Just the same, the picture delights me and it may be that my delight is partially attributable to the fact that I expected so little. My husband's English talent for putting his country in an unflattering light confronted me with a dark vista of life in post-war England—so dark that the reality was comparatively bright.

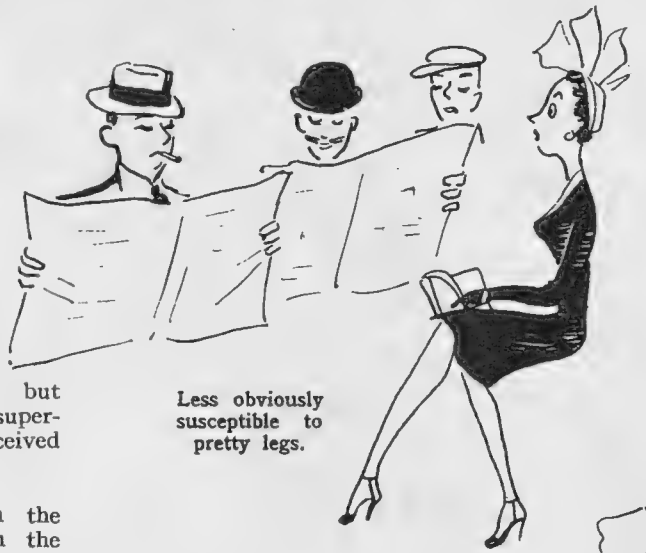
Impressions of an American in England cannot be complete without reference to plumbing. Actually I *do* find it antiquated in what appears to be a totally unnecessary kind of way. Why do Englishwomen stand for it, and how can they bear to spend their working lives in a kitchen which has a larder instead of a refrigerator, and a scullery? Good plumbing and well-planned kitchens are not beyond the genius of the English, so why . . . ?

ON the whole, housekeeping here does not seem to differ in essentials from our own, though I would say the American housewife makes less heavy weather with her chores. Of course, she has many advantages right now, but even before the war she did very little personal household shopping. All this was done by 'phone, but, again, the smallest house or apartment in the United States has a 'phone.

Simplicity of the average wardrobe is refreshing.

HOSPITALITY has a rather different aspect at home. We are less formal than yourselves, not so walled in within the family circle. "Dropping in" is more encouraged there than here. The open-house habit is hard to sustain in a food shortage, but there is a pleasant informality about American visiting which, I suppose, is incompatible with British "reserve."

Despite these small differences of temperament and circumstances I find a reassuring "nearness" to the British. I hope it may be increased in a personal and a national sense in time to come. In the meantime, thank you for being such real people with whom to share the future.



Less obviously susceptible to pretty legs.

BE CLEVER

FURNISHING fabrics are costly and hard to come by, so whatever fabrics come your way, use them cleverly.

There are several factors to consider when choosing furnishing fabrics; these are Colour, Texture, Design and Durability.

Choice of colour should be influenced by other considerations beside the obvious one of personal taste. A colour which delights you as a colour to wear may not be easy to live with, and those which please in a small quantity may be quite another matter used over a larger area. If you must lash out in the matter of bright colours, it is safer to do so only where there is space to work in. In small rooms the brighter tones are better

The two fabrics (right) are British rayon furnishing fabrics soon to be seen in increasing quantities in the stores. One is a hand-printed design, "Inn Signs," and the other a dark-blue print on white, made in strong rayon. This fabric drapes beautifully and is very hard to tear—wartime use in industrial transport has proved it to be stronger than cotton.

The two rooms above and below show an effective use of such boldly-patterned fabrics. In the music room, simple treatment of the walls and flooring makes a good foil for the gay plaid of the curtains and chair-covers. For the breakfast room, spotted wallpaper makes a simple background for the striped rug and the boldly-patterned curtains.

Longer Life

Carpets tend to wear in places where the traffic is heaviest or where some unevenness of the flooring causes friction. By regularly switching round the carpet, wear is distributed evenly.

It is a worth-while investment to buy new underfelting for an old carpet, which at once takes on an added luxuriance of appearance and is, of course, softer to the tread. Carpet underfelt is easier to obtain now, but if it should prove difficult, several layers of newspaper are better than nothing, though it is essential to lay them with care so that no bumps or hard edges can form to wear the carpet.

WITH FABRICS

and just as effective when used in sharp accents. Fabrics which blend in with the background colour of the walls tend to increase the apparent size of small rooms.

Rough textures are best with substantial furniture. Rough surfaces create the illusion of comfort, and if tightly woven are more durable than loose ones. Fine textures commend themselves to highly polished surfaces, to the more elegant furniture and, of course, to schemes not subjected to tougher uses.

Pronounced patterns are not at their best in small rooms. When used they should be combined with plain fabrics. Boldly patterned chair-covers are not good against a carpet with a pronounced design. In the smaller room, curtains should be plain and chair-covers patterned or vice versa.

Durability has its obvious virtues. Choose fast colours as far as possible, and for any purpose where hard use is anticipated, avoid fabrics which tend to stretch under pressure.

Before shopping for fabrics, get a firm picture in your mind of the size and character of the room to be decorated. Keep all the factors named in mind, and good hunting.

Geometric-patterned fabric used in a severely simple decorative scheme. The diagonal lines of the pattern counteract the vertical emphasis of window frames, bookcase and high ceiling.

For Carpets

Worn patches in a pile carpet can be camouflaged by darning with carefully matched wool. With a long-pile carpet, loops of wool should be left to blend in with the pile. Flat-pile carpets should be repaired with a sloped tapestry stitch which is worked over a length of the same wool. Darning on to a canvas backing will give additional strength.

Curled edges are the first victims of wear. These can be tackled by sewing a braid to the back to hold the edge flat, or there are patent fasteners that can be clipped into the carpet to anchor them to the floor.

Rugs that have frayed at the edge can be trimmed and bound with carpet braid.

(Right.) Atmosphere in this room is achieved by a clever combination of textures and patterns which combine without conflicting.

Sloppy Joe Sweater

MATERIALS : 10 ozs. of 3-ply Copley's " Excelsior " Wool. One pair of No. 6 knitting needles. One pair of No. 11.
MEASUREMENTS : From the top of shoulder to lower edge, 23 in. Across the back and front underarm, 23 in. Underarm of sleeve seam, 18 in.
TENSION : 11 sts. to 1 in.

THE FRONT.

With No. 6 needles cast on 148 stitches. Rib in k. 1, p. 1, for 3 in. Change to the following main rib :

1st row : *k. 4, p. 1. Repeat from * to end.

2nd row : Purl.

These 2 rows form pattern. Continue until 18 in. from the cast-on edge.

SHAPE ARMHOLE.

Cast off 6 sts. at the beg. of the next 4 rows. Then k. 2 tog. each end of every row until 104 sts. Continue until armhole measures 2 in.

DIVIDE STS. FOR FRONT OPENING.

Work 52 sts. (place the remaining 52 sts. on a spare needle). Work on the first 52 sts., decreasing 1 st. on the next front-edge row and every 3rd front-edge row following until 36 sts. remain and armhole measures 7 in.

SHAPE SHOULDER.

Cast off 9 sts. at the beg. of the next 4 armhole end rows. Return to the remaining 52 sts. on spare needle, join wool at the neck edge and work to correspond with the first set of 52 sts.

THE BACK.

With No. 6 needles cast on 134 sts. Rib in k. 1, p. 1, for 3 in.

Change to main rib and work until 18 in. from the cast-on edge.

SHAPE ARMHOLE.

Cast off 6 sts. at the beg. of the next 4 rows. Then k. 2 tog. each end of every row until 106 sts.

(*Continued on page* 64)

Quickly Made Sun Suit

MATERIALS : 6 ozs. of 3-ply Sirdar "Majestic" Wool. One pair of No. 12 and No. 13 knitting needles. No. 10 crochet hook.
MEASUREMENTS : To fit a 36-in. bust and a 38 hip.
TENSION : 11 sts. to 1 in.

BRIEFS :

With No. 12 needles cast on 36 sts. Cast on purlwise to make a firm but loose edge. Work 2 rows stocking st. (1 row knit, 1 row p.). Now continue as follows :

Cast on 3 sts. at the beg. of every row until 96 sts., *keeping the cast-on sts. in Moss Stitch* (20 *rows*). Still keeping the cast-on sts. in moss stitch, cast on 4 sts. at the beg. of every row until 136 sts. on needle. Work 24 rows

(*Continued on page* 64)

ABBREVIATIONS: K.=knit; p.=purl; st.=stitch; sts.=stitches; dec.=decrease; inc.=increase; tog.=together; beg.=beginning.

Ian Meredith makes a slim silk coat in black faille, the perfect garment for afternoon and evening dates. (Centre.) An Asta model in navy rayon crepe-de-chine lavishly pleated on the skirt and front bodice. Wide sleeves are caught into a long, tight cuff.

Light Coats For Cool Days

Silk and Lightweight Wool Meet the Demands of the Coolest Day and Still Maintain a Summer Character

(Left.) A Hershelle model in ribbed chenille, a cloth with an appearance like fine wool corduroy, with huge patch pockets and immense back fullness. In several colours. (Right.) Dereta's light wool coat is the colour of white wine, with a soft dress collar and enormous pockets. Names of Stockists will be sent on receipt of a stamped, addressed envelope.

Janis Carter, a star in Columbia Pictures.

Sunshine is the best beauty treatment in the world if you know how to make the most of it, and the secret of real success is to "take it easy." So many women defeat their own ends by deliberately roasting themselves. The mere sight of blazing summer sunshine and a sparkling sea goes to their heads. Stripped to a bathing-suit and with nothing more than a pair of sun-glasses for protection, they will stretch out for hours on beach or sand baking their arms, legs and backs. By the end of the first day's sun-bathing they have acquired a burn, which may well turn to blisters, and a mild sunstroke complete with headache and fever.

Jane Gordon

In Search of Glamour...

SUN-BATHING can be described in eloquent terms and poetic phrases, but truth to tell, sun-bathing as it is done to-day is merely roasting human flesh under the heat of the sun. Once you face this fact, you will realise that if you wish to roast your body you must use the same basting methods which are used in the roasting of all meat. You must baste the exposed skin with some kind of grease or oil before you roast in the heat of the sun. Unless you wish the skin to burn, blister, dry-out and crack, you must baste it continually until it has turned honey-coloured or mahogany-brown, according to your natural colouring and the depth of tan you wish to attain. You will be able to find some kind of oil at your local chemist, or at the cosmetic counter of any department store, and you can always glamorise the oil by adding a few drops of the perfume you use and shaking the bottle thoroughly until the perfume is mixed with the oil.

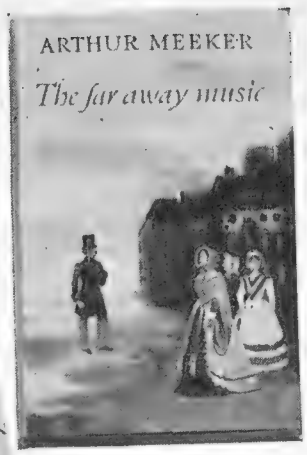
SUMMER MAKE-UP will be lighter, brighter and gayer, and powder foundations will be transparent rather than opaque. Elizabeth Arden has a Sunpruf filter cream which allows you to tan without turning red. In fact, you can regulate the tan by using the cream more frequently. It comes in tubes at 7s. 5d., and can be used for arms, legs, back and neck as well as the face. Women with fair hair and fine skins often prefer milky powder foundations, especially if they use cream rouge instead of the compact type.

Yardley's complexion milk is good for this purpose and costs 6s. 6d. a bottle. Cyclax has a complexion milk at 12s. 6d., and Innoxa has one at 5s. 10d. Personally, I always use a complexion milk as a powder foundation because I prefer the cream rouge; but I use a tiny spot of vanishing cream as a powder foundation for my nose only, as this keeps the powder matt.

When you are out-of-doors all day in the sunshine a cleansing cream or cleansing milk is a good thing to use at night, as it prevents the complexion from becoming too dried-out by the sun. This is specially the case if you are spending your holidays by the sea. Almost every well-known beauty parlour now has a liquefying cleansing cream on the market. For those who prefer cleansing milk, there is Coty's "Dorma," Anne French cleansing milk and Helena Rubenstein's Skin Toning Lotion Special, which can be used after face massage or as a quick cleanser. Personally, I think that the application of cleansing milk should always be followed with a thorough rinse of lukewarm water.

PERFUME: The use of perfume is an art which French women understand better than anyone in the world. In France they will tell you which perfume should be worn by day and which with evening dress. Certain perfumes are made for furs; and perfumes are designed for different types of women. During hot summer weather most French women use toilet waters or Eau de Cologne instead of the actual perfume. If, for instance, a woman wears Chanel No. 5, she will buy a large bottle of Chanel's No. 5 Cologne, which costs a fraction of the price, and use it as a friction during the summer. The perfume which has had a tremendous success is Rocha's "Femme," and the Eau de Cologne is called Eau de Jeunesse.

(*Continued on page* 67)



Books:

Reviewed by
Trevor Allen

WARDROOM stories, at their best, take a lot of beating—I've just read one about a flag officer at "Gib." who used to row himself round the fleet in his skiff for daily exercise. One morning he rowed right inside the boiler-room of a badly holed destroyer, and was examining the damage in the gloom when a fat leading stoker shouted from the gallery above: "'Ere, you, if you wants to row round a — boiler-room, go back and take a row round yer own — boiler-room. 'Op it!" And Admiral Sir James Somerville 'opped it. . . . Another story is of two destroyers so effectively camouflaged by a new "Peter Scott" method that they collided. At the court of inquiry the captains got off on the plea that neither could see the other!

This is the lighter side of Comdr. Thomas Woodrooffe's absorbing war reminiscences, "In Good Company" (Faber, 8s. 6d.), which include first-hand experiences in anti-submarine trawlers; the Lofoten Islands, Bayonne, and Dieppe raids; Malta convoy; North African landings; an aircraft carrier in the "Med."; and taking over Kiel. If you admire Navy men and their job as much as I do you'll salute this able, manfully written book.

MR. S. HUROK, U.S. impresario, with Ruth Goode as collaborator—says that in coping with the artistic temperament he has had to learn "how to cure a singer's cold on concert night without medicine; how to stop a duel with an aspirin tablet; how to avert a murder with a yo-yo top; how to concoct a love philtre out of a Coca-Cola." Seeing that he records intimate dealings with Chaliapin, Isadora Duncan, Pavlova, Tettrazzini and Serge Lifar, among others, nothing is surprising—except, perhaps, the prima donna escorting him to a cemetery mausoleum outside Milan, hung with photographs of her in operatic roles, and saying: "See . . . my future home!" Humour and drama make these inside stories of the famous well worth reading in "Impresario" (Macdonald, 15s.)—but oh! for the residue even he dare not tell!

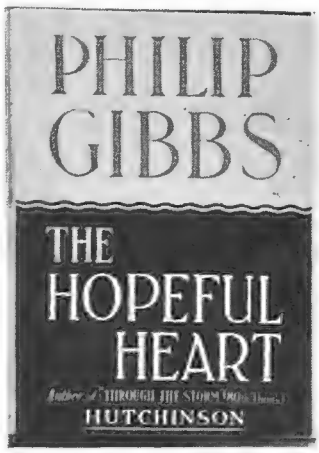
I HAVE often thought of making a tour of America's provincial cities, wilfully ignoring New York. Mr. Struthers Burt's "Philadelphia" (Rich & Cowan, 25s.) persuades me that Mr. Penn's "Holy Experiment" should certainly be included. "In all the world," he says, "there are no houses where you can find better talk, or better thought." The city even retains its dignified oldtime assemblies at which the ladies "curtsy low to the long line of receiving patronesses of the year, and their escorts bow from the waist," and the rules of etiquette have changed little since 1748. This is such a courtly, chivalrous biography of a great city, covering every aspect of social, cultural and industrial life, that the very towers should bob, too. Here we go, then, "passing New York!"

MRS. SARAH GERTRUDE MILLIN'S prodigious diary of the war's events, great and small, is now in its fourth volume—"The Sound of the Trumpet" (Faber, 16s.) which covers Stalingrad's relief, El Alamein, the North African landings, the invasion of Sicily, and further illuminating talks with General Smuts. Her unflagging industry in "putting everything down," the background philosophy of her comments, are significant and impressive. She was lucky to have the necessary detachment, untouched by raids, rationing, queueing, and other memorable first-hand delights.

MR. HECTOR CHEVIGNY calls his book about blindness "My Eyes Have a Cold Nose" (Michael Joseph, 12s. 6d.) because his eyes are his guide dog Wizard, provided by the U.S. "Seeing Eye" organization which trains blind men and dogs to work together. He doesn't sentimentalize his

(*Continued on page 68*)

The Moods Of Our Time



SIR PHILIP GIBBS the novelist is still Philip Gibbs the special correspondent, working on a broader canvas. Skilled, modest, painstaking, conscientious, with no solemn literary pretensions, he mirrors in novel after novel the social and political moods and movements of our time, and has probably given us—and posterity—a sounder fiction "documentary" of the past quarter of a century than most of us suspect.

In **"The Hopeful Heart"** (Hutchinson, 10s. 6d.) his idealist, Frank Allingham, emerges from three years in a German prison camp to try to bring back some sense and sanity to a distraught world. His wife deserts him; in politics he is disillusioned, frustrated, at odds both with his Conservative relatives—he is the son of a lord—and his young Socialist sister, mother of a love-child. His success in journalism is small compensation for the shattering of his dreams of a better society, but despite it all he says in the end: "I shall carry on. I shan't drop my pack." The dreams, the faith, matter—whatever the immediate outcome. A shrewd postwar diagnosis which is a challenge to our muddled thinking—and also a humanly interesting story.

"The Private Life of the Virgin Queen," Comyns (Publishers Ltd.), 15s. The author in this book produces a completely and vividly new outlook on Queen Elizabeth's real life

I'd like to Write a play

By Lena Ramsden

MOST people must have had this idea in their minds at one time or another; even those who have never had any particular urge to write anything else.

The flourish of trumpets which heralds the production of a first novel, a book of short stories or a slim volume of poems, is seldom loud enough to cause much of a stir; but with a play it is different: once a willing management has been found, all the leading critics have got to write notices about it, whether they like it or not; and, as all authors must surely believe that there is some good in their work, even though that belief may have been sadly shaken during rehearsals, there is bound to be a hopeful and exciting moment before the arrival of the morning-papers-after-the night-before.

A play has a great many advantages over a book, from the would-be author's point of view. For one thing, it is much shorter, and therefore it *should* take less time and trouble to write—such difficulties as restricted space, time limit and the movement of characters, seldom occur to the enthusiastic amateur.

Another advantage of the play over the novel, is that the author can sit amongst the audience and *hear* their reactions (good or bad!) and chuckle or blush according. A best selling novel is pretty sure to be discussed in railway carriages or buses, but authors of humbler works can stretch their ears till they drop off, and still hear no mention of their literary offspring.

Most people do not realize the difficulties of construction with which a play is beset. An idea can be expressed at any length between a two thousand word short story and a hundred thousand word novel; but, if the same idea is put into a play, it has got to run for a certain number of hours and contain at least one interval.

Some authors have written plays which are timed to run for three successive evenings; but any unknown playwright who presented such an opus to a manager would not be likely to meet with a favourable reception. It is as well to be a firmly-established writer before you start playing ducks and drakes with the conventions; and the ghastly adventures of Mickey Mouse as the Sorcerer's Apprentice should curb anyone with No Experience and Big Ideas.

I once spent a most entertaining evening in a barn—yes, I mean it, a BARN—which a well-known playwright had converted into a sitting-room: amongst the guests was another playwright, and, somehow or other, the two of them started comparing notes on how they wrote their plays.

The owner of the barn (who might as well be called, "Brown") was a best seller in the comedy line: and the guest ("Jones," for the nonce?) had written one brilliant play which had run for years; and several others, at long intervals.

Brown's plays were conceived and worked out strictly to pattern, like sausages.

Brown would say:

"I am going to begin my new play at nine-thirty next Thursday morning."

It was then the duty of a hard-worked secretary to prepare Brown's desk for the great occasion; sweeping it clear of all matter save a writing-pad and several well-sharpened pencils.

Promptly at nine-thirty on Thursday, Brown's play would be begun, in this fashion:

The title (if already selected) characters and scenes, written on one page.

Then the whole play would be mapped out, step by step; with the number of pages for each scene written beside it, together with a detailed list of all the various players' entrances and exits during each scene.

On page two of the actual play, the characters who opened it would be introduced, and their dialogue would continue for a *set number of pages*.

At the end of those pages, the first characters would be moved off, or others brought on; and once again the dialogue would be governed, not by the extent of its spontaneity, but by a scheduled number of pages.

At a set moment, Brown's secretary would enter the study, and announce the lunch interval, which would end at another set moment—and so on, till the end of the day and the next day, and, finally, the end of the play.

The incredible thing was that Brown's plays were *very* amusing, their action smooth and the dialogue easy to listen to, in spite of the cash register method (*Continued on page* 62)

Miss Bridget Humblecrofts — Assistant Passenger Officer at Northolt Aerodrome

Women Making Good

IF somebody with a mind for statistics were to set himself to discover the most popular postwar career, the result would almost certainly show that civil aviation has captured the honours. People streaming out of the Services bent on streaming into civil flying can be numbered in thousands.

Relatively few of them have made the grade for one and the other reasons. Partly because the jobs available call for standards of technical and educational achievement above the level of the masses.

From the special viewpoint of women's employment the new and intriguing career of air-hostess prompted too much misleading publicity at the start and stimulated too many false hopes in hearts afflicted with postwar wanderlust.

All the same, the facts are that though many potential globe trotters have been disappointed in their hopes, civil aviation *does* offer some fine prospects for women of suitable qualifications, though most of these jobs have no connection whatever with balancing trays and looking beautiful at extravagant altitudes.

THE interesting point about them is that they *are* progressive, varied in character and they *are* for women with reasonable standards of education bent on a serious and lucrative career.

To give you a glimpse of the kind of jobs, here are some brief personal histories of women who have already made the grade.

Miss L. Williamson, for one, is a young woman who, at twenty-seven, is one of the most responsible technicians in the Research and Development section of British European Airways.

Miss Williamson revealed herself as a person of promise by winning the Loughborough Open Engineering Scholarship while still at school. On leaving school, she joined the W.A.A.F. and became, in course of time, an instructor to Radar Technical Officers. Later she became a radar technical officer herself. On demobilization, Miss Williamson joined British European Airways as an Experimental Officer in the Research and Development section the special aim of which is to experiment in medium and short wave navigation for the European Mediterranean Region. Miss Williamson was responsible for working out the mathematical calculations in this connection—a task enough to make the average woman swoon even to contemplate. All the same, this dark, petite, vivacious and not in the least formidable young woman is typical of many coming from our schools and universities today.

NEARER perhaps to the interests and abilities of the average young woman is the job of Miss Bridget Humblecrofts who joined the staff of B.O.A.C. as a traffic clerk at £3 10s. a week and in two years (during which she transferred to British European Airways) rose to traffic assistant at £7 15s. a week.

An air station traffic clerk's job is an interesting and progressive one with an immediate connection with actual flying.

Miss Josephine English joined B.E.A. in 1946 as their Women's Staff Adviser after various war jobs. This is a responsible job, without any immediate contact with aeroplanes, except when she flies for the sheer love of it which she can do by availing herself of the staff privilege of flying holidays.

Civil aviation is a young and growing industry. There is good and lucrative employment in it for women of ambition and initiative and the organization is stretching its influence and conveying its employees to every corner of the world.

Miss Lesley Williamson—Experimental Officer, working on Approach Landing Aids

Miss Josephine English—British European Airways Women's Staff Adviser

Why Hide Your Eyes?

I AM, frankly, amazed at the current mania with women for concealing their greatest beauty behind a window of smoked glass.

At the first hint of sunshine, multitudes of women are off to buy sun goggles. Why? . . . One can make allowances for the sun addicts of Palm Springs and Miami where sunlight *is* a serious problem for the eyes. Nobody blames the film stars for adopting dark glasses as a disguise and a protection against hysterical bobby-soxers though, depend upon it, these people who wear sun-glasses because the climate they inhabit, or their embarrassing popularity makes them essential, do take pains to see that their glasses are made to an individual prescription.

In the British Isles, sun-glasses are seldom essential for healthy eyes and except for people with serious eye complaints are positively inadvisable. This is particularly true of the dark lenses which can be fixed over ordinary glasses, since they have been known to alter the focus and, in so doing, strain the eyes.

Sun-glasses which are not specially prescribed after an eye test, play tricks with the vision. This can be serious, especially to the driver of a car. More than one accident has been attributed to misreading of signals and traffic light colours because of dark glasses.

Eyes are the most expressive feature in the face and, in many women, their one real beauty. Why, then, pull the blinds on them and in such an unbecoming way?

It is a fact that the sun has recuperative powers for the eyes as much as for weak and ailing bodies.

Sun-goggles which began as a fashion have now become a habit—and not an easy one to discard. Eyes which have accustomed themselves to constant screening tend to shrink more and more from the light of the sun.

We are too apt to forget, in these days of mechanical devices, that Nature has her own defences. The human eye was provided with protection against the light of the sun. That we have diminished these resources by our civilized way of life is no argument for removing the last natural stimulus to their existence.

"But I am uncomfortable in bright sunlight," you say. In that case; and if you have given your eyes a real chance to accustom themselves to the sunlight which, heaven knows, we see little enough of, then your eyes need attention from an oculist. If it is necessary to screen your eyes he will tell you so and probably prescribe glasses which are very slightly tinted. I doubt, except in cases of serious functional disorders, if any oculist will send you out in dark goggles.

But to get back to aesthetic values which are probably as important to women as any, imagine the Edwardian beauties—most elegant and feminine women of our century—in sun-glasses. What would George Edwards have said about it?

Brimless hats have promoted the fashion for sun-glasses, but in the name of good looks and good eyesight, leave your sun-glasses at home this summer.

Beauty's

A WELL-KNOWN maker of cosmetics has opened an attractive beauty room in London's Burlington Arcade where women try lipstick shades they have never used before, against swatches of the latest British fashion colours. Women are invited to take the material for a new outfit into the Colour Room and to choose with assistance from the trained assistants present, the perfect lipstick to enhance it.

At miniature organdi-flounced dressing-tables you can sit and try out lipsticks at your leisure. There are both daylight and nightlight effects and any, or all, of the ten sample lipsticks may be tried and bought at a token charge of 6d. Some of the colours are Cock's Comb and Heart Red (to go with red outfits), Blaze and Chestnut (for bronze tones), and for pink (the lovely

For Housewives Whose Many Duties Seem To Leave . . .

No Time For Beauty

IT may seem too much to ask of harassed housewives, but, please, if you look after your own home, don't let-up on personal grooming.

There comes a time when, overburdened as so many of us are with household tasks, when careless habits of appearance at home develop so strongly that they begin to influence appearances away from it. The well-groomed look which is the basis of beauty and attractiveness develops with the habit of meticulous care *at all times*. It just isn't possible to be slovenly at one end of the day and a ravishing creature at the other.

You are a busy housewife; you are overburdened and probably even overtired but there is no need to look like the legendary charwoman. It does not, in fact, take more time to look attractive about the house; it *does* require a system of management and determination to *make* time for looking and feeling less like a drudge.

A couple of smart overalls and one or two becoming head scarfs are elementary needs. Invest in these, even at the cost of coupons, because this is the first line of defence in the fight against "letting yourself go."

Don't omit a pair of housemaid's gloves for dirty work and some rubber ones for scrubbing and dish-washing. Innoxas's newest preparation "51" is a smooth and greaseless cream which can be rubbed into the hands *before* you start housework. This is a protection against deep dirt.

Make a rule to keep a hand lotion or salve in the kitchen as well as in the bathroom. Use them several times a day. Coty make a hand lotion which is non-greasy and has a delightfully refreshing perfume. The cost is 6s. 9d. for a four-ounce bottle.

Regular daily brushing to free the hair of dust

OLD run-down shoes should be absolutely taboo even for housework and in a coupon famine. At least, they can be mended and cleaned up both in the interests of neatness and health, because shoes run over at the heels which disturb the balance of the body can lead to a surprising number of ailments—not to say discomfort.

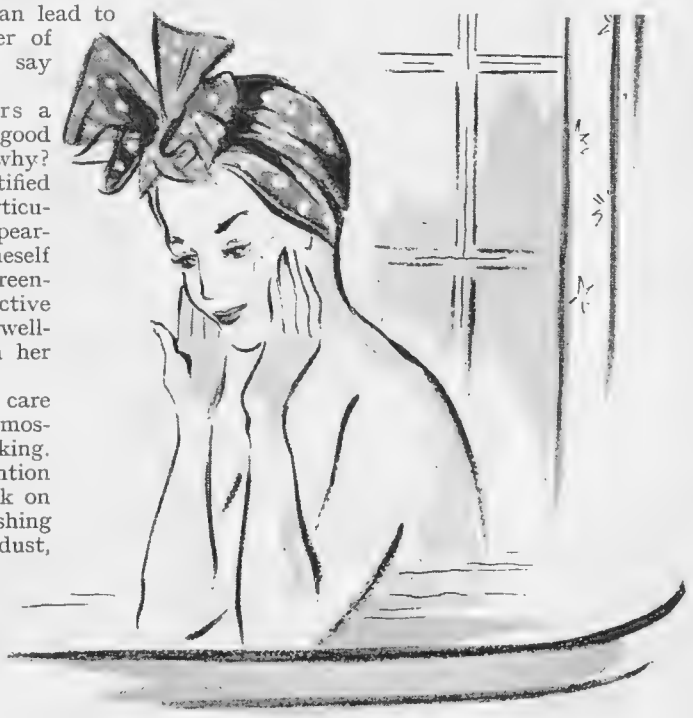
One often hears a shabby garment referred to as "good enough for shopping," but why? How can slovenliness be justified because the occasion is not particularly dedicated to personal appearance. One does not adorn oneself in mink to interview the greengrocer, none the less an attractive woman is attractive and well-groomed *at all times*, even in her simplest habit.

Skin and hair need special care in the dusty and steamy atmosphere of housework and cooking. If frequent professional attention takes too much time, fall back on vigorous and regular daily brushing to keep the hair free of dust, healthily shining and more amenable to handling. If you wash and set your own hair, make it a rule to get an occasional cut with the best hairdresser in your locality. Good tapering is the secret of tidy, smart and easily managed hair.

Attractive and well-groomed at all times, even in her simplest habit

As to skin, use a good cleansing cream liberally once or twice a day—preferably when you are in your bath—to remove dust and dirt from the pores. This operation takes only minutes and keeps the skin clean, supple and smooth.

Use a light make-up *and* lipstick while you are at your household tasks. Why not? Every time you catch yourself in the glass you will be meeting a bright and colourful creature—instead of a drab and dreary apparition who depresses you and everybody who sees her.



Use a good cleansing cream liberally—preferably when you are in your bath

Colour Room

new shade for hats and accessories this year) there are Cyclamen, Heavenly Pink and Ballet Pink.

Later, they hope, it will be possible at this beauty shop to experiment fully in colours of make-up, including foundation, powder, rouge and lipstick. Thus women will be able to prove to themselves that almost any colour can be worn provided make-up is complementary.

The promoters are anxious to encourage the habit among women of keeping a lipstick "wardrobe" to match their clothes. Anyway, it's fun to try the ten shades in the Colour Room—and at 6d. each, even if one plumps for the lot, it is not expensive. Drop into the Colour Room at any time and re-do your face completely with the latest Gala preparations for 2s.

Plain and Fancy

Interesting cakes from simple ingredients

AMERICAN CREAM CAKE

Ingredients. Three tablespoonsful of sugar, one breakfastcupful of flour, a piece of margarine half the size of an egg, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, half a teaspoonful of carbonate of soda, quarter of a cupful of milk, and two reconstituted eggs.

Sift the soda and cream of tartar with the flour; rub the butter well into the sugar with a wooden spoon; beat the egg mixture into the milk. Mix all together and bake in large shallow baking tins to the thickness of about an inch.

Cream filling. Half a cupful of sugar, one teaspoonful of flour (or cornflour), one egg stirred into half a pint of boiling milk. If this is boiled in a jug placed in a saucepan of boiling water it will cook more evenly. Let it cool before using and then put a layer of it between the slices of cake. This is an easily made and inexpensive cake.

CHOCOLATE CAKE

Ingredients. Six reconstituted eggs, six ounces of sugar, three ounces flour, two ounces of cocoa.

Whisk eggs steadily for five minutes with six ounces of sugar, stand the bowl in hot water and continue whisking. Repeat the whisking twice more once in a cool place and once in a hot, then add the flour and the cocoa. Fill a greased and floured cake tin with the mixture and bake in a medium oven until, when pricked with a skewer, the latter comes out clean.

ROCK CAKE (With dripping)

Ingredients. Half a pound of flour, three ounces of dripping, two ounces of currants, one ounce mixed peel, nutmeg, salt, teaspoonful of baking powder, one egg, half a gill of milk.

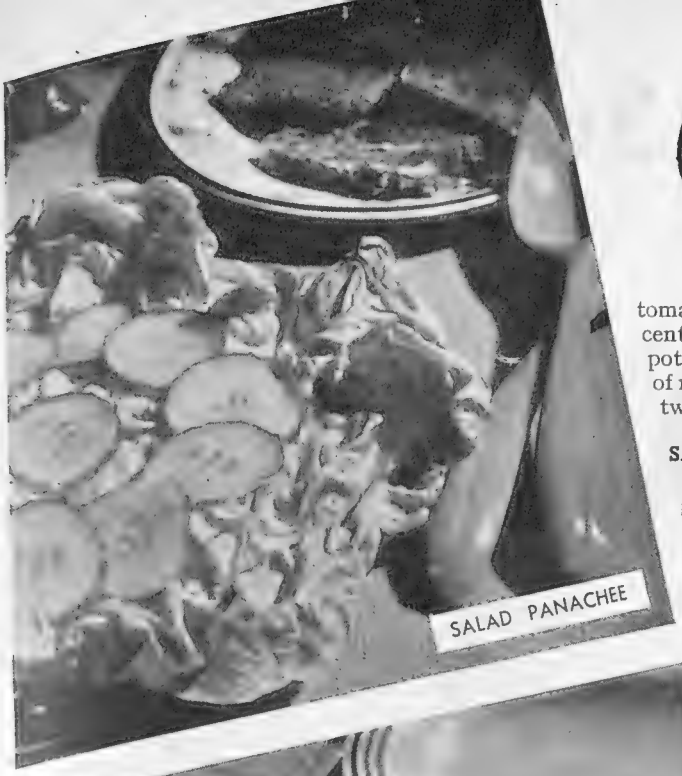
Sift the flour into a basin, shred the dripping and mix thoroughly with the flour. Mix cleaned currants and shredded peel and add these, together with grated nutmeg, salt and baking powder to the flour. Beat the egg and milk together and mix gradually with the dry ingredients. Work into a stiff paste. Grease a baking tin, arrange small rough heaps of the mixture with two forks on the tin so as to give them a rock-like appearance and bake in a quick oven fifteen minutes.

AFTERNOON TEACAKES

Ingredients. Half a pound of cornflour, four ounces of sugar, one teaspoonful of baking powder, six ounces of margarine, vanilla essence, two eggs, a little desiccated coconut if available.

Mix the cornflour with the sugar and the baking powder; gradually stir in the softened margarine. Flavour with vanilla essence and beat the mixture for a few minutes. Add two reconstituted eggs, stir all lightly and bake in small patty tins in a quick oven for about ten minutes. The cakes should be a pale golden brown all over. Directly they are removed from the oven scatter the coconut over them and place on a sieve to cool.

Rock cakes made with dripping are old favourites. American cream cake and chocolate cake are luxuries for special teas



Quick Cookery

Dishes that take little preparation and taste none the worse

By Harriet Muir

BUSY housewives, especially business housewives, cannot to-day give the time and thought to the preparing of meals that they did formerly, their families nevertheless expect the same tasty and substantial dishes as they had in the days of plenty. What is the poor overworked housewife to do? Try the following short-notice dishes for a start!

SALAD PANACHEE

Pour one cupful of salad cream or mayonnaise into a bowl. Chop three or four anchovies, cut into slices enough tomatoes to fill a breakfast cup and mix both with the mayonnaise. Place in the centre of a flat dish, surround with lettuce leaves and cover with very thin slices of cucumber. Sprinkle with grated raw onion and serve with cold lobster or slices of corned beef.

MACARONI MILANAISE

Put three cupfuls of macaroni in plenty of salted boiling water and while they are cooking melt two ounces of fat in a frying pan and fry two onions thinly sliced, four to six tomatoes cut into quarters and as much bacon, cut into small pieces, as you can spare. Strain the macaroni, wash in boiling water, and add to the contents of the frying pan with half a cupful of strong meat stock. Season to taste and serve when all the liquid has been absorbed. The dish is improved by adding one cupful of cooked peas and a little grated cheese.

VEGETABLE PIE

Line a greased dish with breadcrumbs. Add alternate layers of sliced tomatoes and minced, scalded onions mixed with parsley and thyme. When the centre is reached add some cooked, cut up bacon with a layer of sliced, cooked potatoes; finish off with tomatoes, etc., letting breadcrumbs and a few shavings of margarine form the top layer. Bake in a tin with a little hot water in it. Time, twenty to thirty minutes according to size.

SAVOURY PIE

Starting as for Vegetable Pie, use a mince of cold meat with enough thick gravy to moisten it, in the middle, with potatoes over and under the meat. Should the meat be all lean, a little fat bacon is an improvement. The seasoning may be varied; for a pie in a quart dish a teaspoonful of curry powder may be used and a sprinkling of sugar over the tomatoes is a good idea. Again, even with cold mutton, by using lemon rind and plenty of mixed herbs with a pinch of grated nutmeg one gets the savour of veal.

MINCED MEAT BATTER

Make the batter overnight if possible; add a good pinch of pepper but leave out the salt until the dish is to be prepared. Mix a little cold minced underdone meat of any kind with the batter and bake in a fairly hot oven. Send grated cheese to table with it.

TEN MINUTE SOUP

Fry two ounces of peeled and sliced mushrooms in a little margarine; incorporate one tablespoonful of flour then add slowly, while stirring, four cupfuls of milk. Let simmer for ten minutes.

SAVOURY FRITTERS

Put half a cupful of flour in a bowl with a pinch of salt, one of pepper and one egg (dry). Mix slowly with three-quarters of a cupful of milk and when free of lumps add one cupful of peeled and chopped mushrooms mixed with two dessertspoonsful of grated raw onion. Fry quickly on both sides and serve immediately.

Unusual Jams.

POT-POURRI JAM

Take equal quantities of strawberries, raspberries and red currants and put them in a saucepan over a low fire without water. Leave for a few minutes and then pass them through a sieve. To every pint of the pulp take ¾ lb. of sugar and boil until it sets.

PEAR PUREE

Peel and core the pears, cut into quarters and just cover with water. Bring to the boil and when soft strain and pass the fruit through a sieve. To each lb. of puree add ⅛ lb. of sugar and boil again, while stirring, until it sets when tested on a plate and left to cool.

LEMON FONDANT

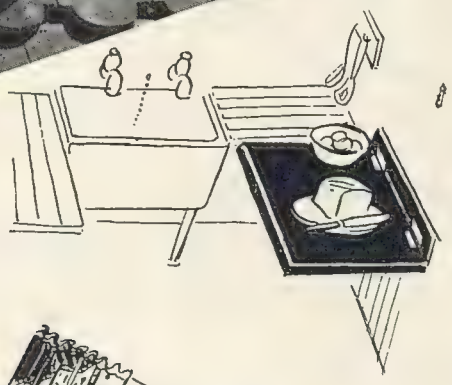
Melt over a low fire 1¼ lb. of sugar with 3 tumblersful of water. When melted pass through a muslin and bring to the boil again with the juice of half a lemon. Boil quickly, removing the scum. Test by putting a few drops in cold water. When the drops set, remove and cover the pan with a wet cloth. When cool enough to touch, start working with a wooden spoon. Stir always in the same direction without moving the pan. Add the juice of the other half lemon whilst stirring. When the fondant changes colour and becomes like a thick paste, it is ready and may be stored in jars.

Seven-Way Stretch

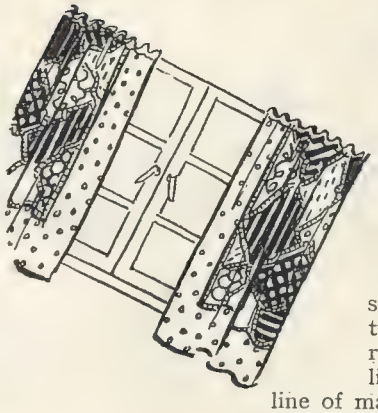
The verb to stretch has many interpretations nowadays. Here are some suggestions for making limited resources go a long way

1 Stretch yourself when you wake in the morning. Stretch your lungs with deep breathing, your limbs and muscles with exercises. This is the best preparation for an exacting day and will help to keep unwanted inches at bay.

2 Available space in the small kitchen can be stretched by means of a table-top which tucks away when not in use. A simple flap-table, like the one illustrated, can be constructed by the average handyman. Made from a hinged board and hinged supporting bracket; the top can either hang downwards or can be made to fold upwards and held in place by means of a simple clip.

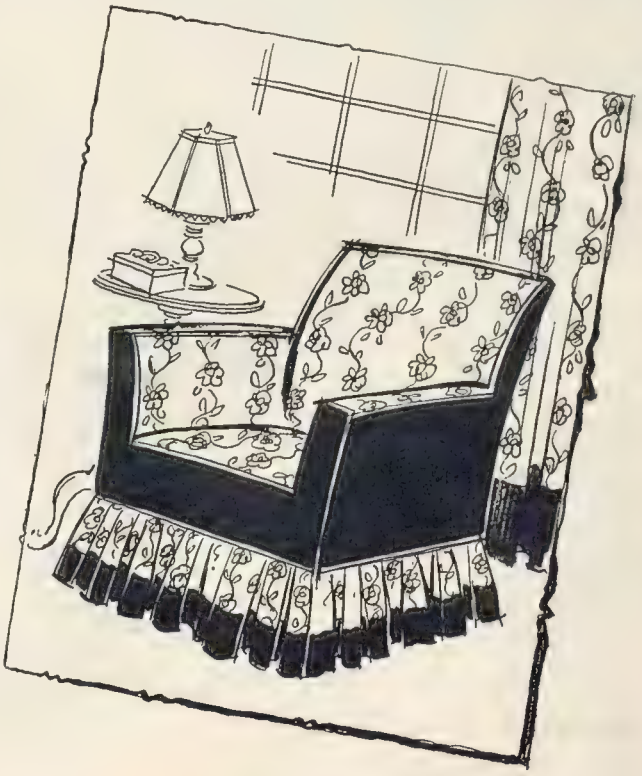


3 The small guest room is another case in which good stretching policy increases available space. A shelf and hanging mirror will make a wall dressing-table fitment and will take up no precious floor space. A curtained corner wardrobe is another space saver. These fitments can be bought ready made or can be constructed from two curtain rails, 12 in. apart on the picture rail across the corner. The outer rail will take the curtain and the inner rail the hangers.



4 Stretch the possibilities of short lengths of unrationed curtaining by combining different colours and materials. Allow a few extra inches for shrinkage when making up the curtains. If the damage has already been done, attaching coloured hems will give a few extra inches. Cover the seams with braid and put rows of braid trimming on the curtains. Odd lengths of curtaining will make gay patchwork curtains for the kitchen or spare room to eke out the coupons allocated to curtaining.

5 Stretching shrunken woollies to their former shape is made possible by redamping and pinning out to the correct measurements to dry slowly. Knitted fabric that has shrunk past redemption can be cut like any other (run a line of machine stitching round the cuts if you think there is a danger of the stitches running) and used for renovations. An old knitted jumper will make a gay bolero or give a new lease of life to a tired fabric dress.



6 Chairs are often "stretch" casualties. Sagging chair seats can be tightened by renewing the webbing which supports the springs. Make sure that the springs are firmly imprisoned by the new webbing and will not slip out of place. New material for covers will go twice as far if cleverly used with the unworn portions of the old covers as in the illustration on the right.

7 Finally, stretch the imagination. Whether the problem is serving up the remains of last Sunday's joint or dealing with Junior's latest tantrum there is no limit to the stretch you can profitably give to the imagination.

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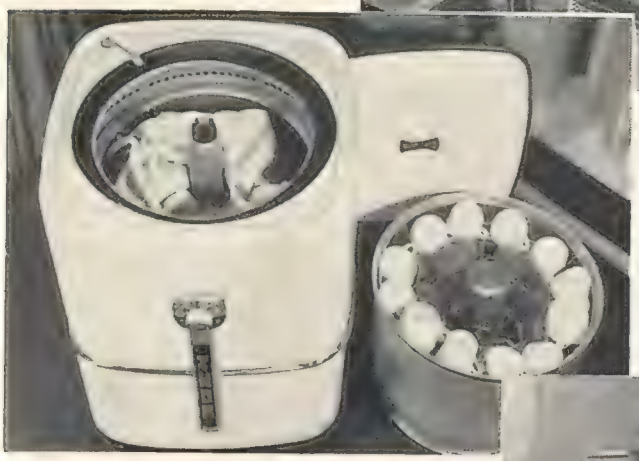

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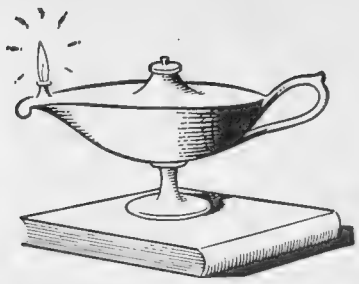

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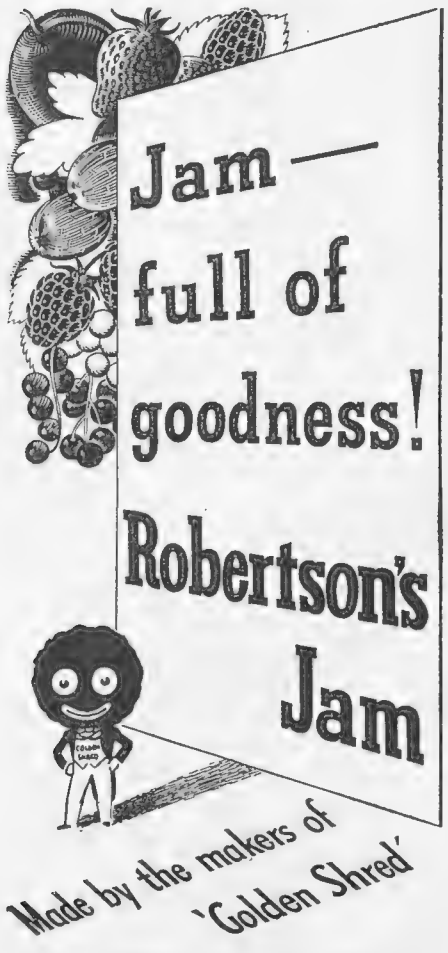

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After Seven Years

(*Continued from page* 12)

Shimmerman judged him to be not more than twenty-three or twenty-four. That was, in years. In his unrepressed indulgence in sex and general dissipation, Burns would be three times older. How much of that, wondered Shimmerman, was the fault of Louise? She always liked them young. His rivals had been around his own age, some younger.

He had vowed she would not live another night after he had been restored to liberty. But there was new evidence for him to consider before he carried out the death sentence. The evidence was influencing his judgment.

So, when at last they rose to go, Burns sullenly and reluctantly helping her on with her furs, Shimmerman remained where he was instead of following to slay. He raised his finger and an attentive waiter took his order for a whisky and soda. Shimmerman handed him a pound note and waved away the change. The waiter was immediately responsive.

"A very nice evening, sir," he said. "You are a new patron, sir? I hope we shall see you here often." As Shimmerman nodded politely and sipped his drink, the waiter, reluctant to leave such a generous customer without making an impression, added, "All the interesting people come here, sir. The lady who just left was Louise Landre. Used to be a sensation."

Shimmerman said, "I used to see her years ago, nearly seven years ago. If I had not seen her leave the theatre, I am afraid I would not have known her."

The waiter smiled in obsequious understanding. "She has changed indeed, sir. Rather tragic, sir, of course."

He looked at the guest out of the corner of his eye and bent a little lower as he murmured, "She's changed in every way except the one she was always noted for—her fancy for young men."

He hesitated. It would not do to cross the line of familiarity with a patron so lavish with his tips. But Shimmerman had appeared unaffected.

He merely nodded and said, "Yes, but in that respect, too, she has changed, waiter. My recollection is that she wanted only the young men who were rich. Her escort tonight appeared to be a highly subsidized hanger-on."

The waiter was pleased and encouraged by Shimmerman's man-to-man friendliness. He said disparagingly, "You're quite right about him, sir. Would you believe it, he used to be a waiter here in this very hotel? A very poor type, sir. It was here he met Miss Landre—only a year ago, and it's rumoured he has taken her down for thousands of pounds already, poor, foolish woman. He sponges on her quite openly and she keeps on paying. Gossip says she is very sick, sir, and will not live longer than a year or two."

In spite of the fact that John Shimmerman had his whisky and soda half way to his lips, his measured, dispassionate voice reminded the waiter of a judge on the bench of the Criminal Court.

"I hope," Shimmerman said. "She will live a thousand—years."

END

At The Bottom Of The Ocean

(*Continued from page* 16)

signifying the end of the whole business in a trice.

Relatively big space will be taken up by a dictaphone into which the men will record their adventure, while more space goes to machinery for releasing small balloons which, rising to the surface, will tell the escort just where the "bathyscaphe" is.

The portholes are so contrived that the observers will be able both to scan the ocean bed and look upwards. In order to penetrate the utter outside darkness, four 4,000-candle projectors—stronger than the most powerful film-studio arc-lamps—will be fitted to the upper structure. They will be battery-driven, but propellers fitted to the upper hull, and with the aid of which it is hoped to "walk" along the ocean bed, will be driven by two motors. So you see we have a pretty strange contrivance already. But the strangest part is yet to come.

The petrol in the tanks, I said, is not there for burning up and so will break all records for all petrol ever carried. What it is hoped will happen is this. The petrol will equalize the pressure of the water outside, and, being lighter than water, will at the same time give buoyancy. As the freak submarine descends, a stream of petrol will be released and be replaced by a corresponding intake of sea water. Getting heavier as a result of the exchange, the vessel should sink at the rate of four feet a second. It will weigh forty tons fully loaded.

Several hundred feet below the hull will be suspended a sort of "bumper" which will warn when the bottom is being reached and so protect the fragile instruments, the vessel and its occupants from shock.

The maximum descent planned—nearly three miles—should take roughly two hours and the ascent somewhat less. As the oxygen in the sphere will last twelve hours, this will leave eight hours in which to crawl about the ocean bed by means of those propellers. When the time comes for going up, two tons of magnetic ballast will be released. Against anything frightful happening—such as a mass hold by giant octopuses—the ballast, the batteries, and everything jettisonable are "fixed" to the vessel by electro-magnets. This very special departure means that a mere switching off of current would send the contraption mounting rapidly to the surface.

WHERE is all this due to happen and to what end? The two scientists have given long thought to the "where" and have finally decided on the Gulf of Guinea, below the bulge of West Africa.

First of all trial descents of one mile and a mile and a half will be made. Then will come the real thing—the first dive to the bottom, lasting twelve hours all told. Thereafter the two will not descend together again. Instead, they will act alternately as "chauffeurs" to passengers who are carefully selected for their worthwhile value. These will include, among others, a marine biologist, a geologist, a zoologist, a cameraman, a lightning artist. The reason for the last is curious.

Colour films are to be made, but the cameras will have to work under the floodlighting. This means that the phosphorescent effects—even the biggest sea animals are expected to be phosphorescent at that great depth—would be lost. As these effects are of much scientific interest, an artist will be required to make quick sketches, from the blacked-out cabin, of the forms and their light and colour effects in the dense darkness outside.

And so to that other question. What is it all expected to lead to? The Belgian Fund for Scientific Research will have disbursed tens of thousands of pounds before the adventure is over, one way or the other. What is it hoped to gain?

Well, the deep-sea pioneers hope, firstly, to demonstrate that man can move around alive at such colossal depths. This will encourage successors to try sinking into the deepest "pocket" of all, that of seven miles in the Sargasso Sea. Next, they will take deep sea-water samples and temperatures such as have never been noted before in so progressive a manner. Thirdly they will find out where cosmic rays cease to penetrate.

Main interest, however, will attach to the blind fish and unknown sea monsters encountered and to the nature of geological growths and mammoth vegetation on the ocean bed.

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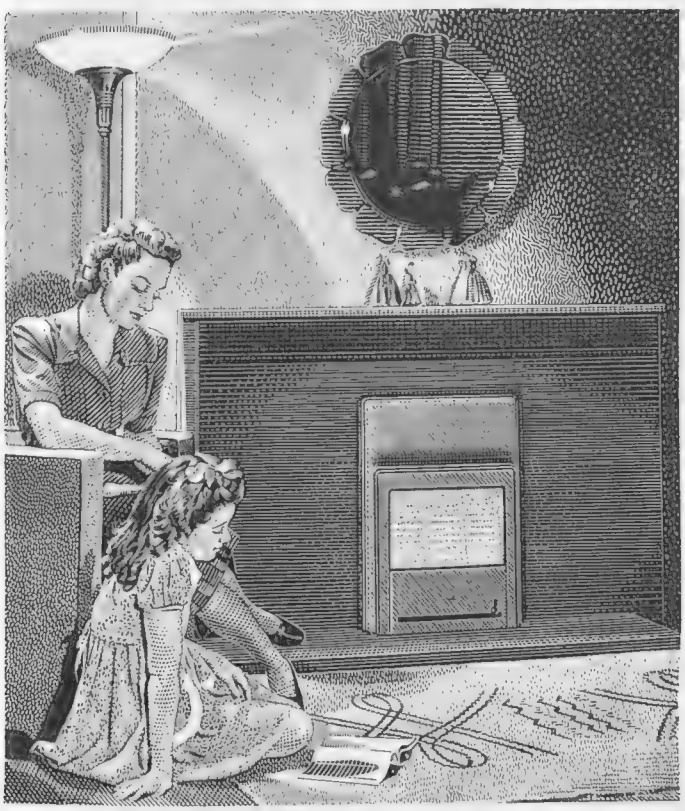

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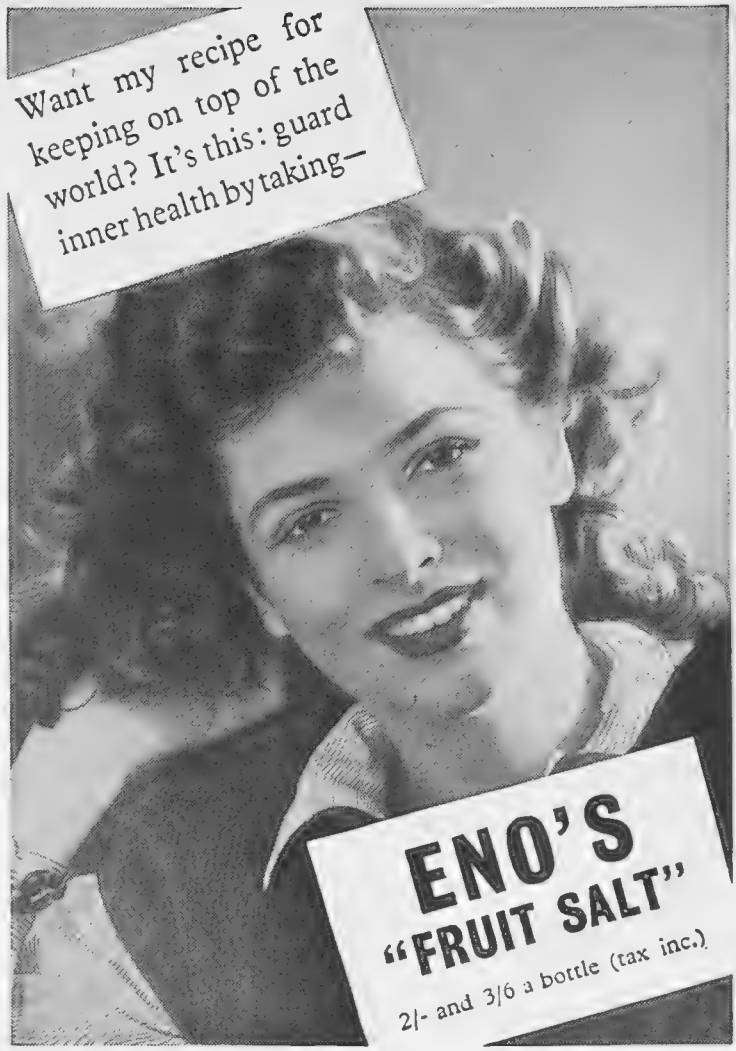
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The Romance Of The Brontës

(*Continued from page* 15)

him, and when he won't listen to reason, whip him."

"Charlotte, what's the best book in the world?". With all the certainty of her eight years, she replies promptly :

"The Bible."

"And the next best?" persists Papa.

"The *Book of Nature*."

One more glimpse of youthful days, before the hand of death begins to snatch one after another from their circle.

It is eight o'clock in the evening and Mr. Brontë promptly goes off to bed, stopping on the way to wind the clock on the landing. With a parting request to his children that they shouldn't stay up too late, he disappears. The children leap to life. Out come their little stories, poems and plays. Round and round the table they march, reciting their compositions and then settling down to add another passage or two to their minutely-written magazines. . . .

Thus did Charlotte, Emily and Anne serve their early novitiate to literature.

SEVERAL years have gone by. School, illness, death—each has brought its agony to the household, yet hope and unconquerabel faith remain. Witness the writings of Charlotte and Emily. *Jane Eyre* owes much to Charlotte's school experiences, while *Wuthering Heights* grew out of the Haworth moors that Emily loved in her fierce, passion ate way throughout her all-too brief life.

Walk out with the sisters, in imagination, to that favourite spot of theirs beside Sladen Beck. The moorland stream is spanned by a simple stone bridge that has since been named after them. Picture them, if you will, picnicking among the surrounding heather that is now gathered and sent in bunches to their American admirers. Picture them, also, writing and remembering—wresting from their experiences the very sinew and substance of the great, moving novels that were soon to astound the English reading public.

A blast colder than any that sweeps these moors always fell on Charlotte when she recalled Cowan Bridge, the Rev. Carus Wilson's school for the daughters of clergymen, near Kirkby Lonsdale, and the cruel conditions there that led to the death of Maria and Elizabeth, her elder sisters. It was only natural that in *Jane Eyre* the school that seared her memory should be re-created, as Lowood, while Maria, the long-suffering one, emerges in the character of Hellen Burns. What Squeers's Academy at Bowes was to Dickens, Cowan Bridge was to Charlotte Brontë.

Other memories would float through Charlotte's mind as she sat, reflecting, on the boulder near Brontë Bridge where so much of her writing was done. Henry Nussey's proposal of marriage, for example, following one of her visits to Rydings, Birstall, the home of her dear friend, Ellen Nussey. Disguised but little he reappears as St. John, the priggish clergyman who almost persuaded Jane Eyre to marry him. Or those hard, humiliating days as governess to the Sidgwick children at Stonegappe, when, during a walk, she was expected to keep several paces to the rear of the family; in Jane's own experience she lives that time over again, too.

The delightful hamlet of Wycollar, Lancashire, which often lured the Brontë sisters from their immediate neighbourhood, provided some of the local colour for the novel that was secretly taking shape. It was fitting that *Jane Eyre* should be filmed here a few years ago, for in the now-ruined hall which becomes Ferndean Manor in the novel, Jane answers Rochester's inquiry as to whether she loves him with that grand avowal, "To the finest fibre of my nature!"

What of Emily's masterpiece? To locate her Wuthering Heights you would have to stride out beyond Sladen Beck to the crest of the moors where a lonely farm, Top Withens, is buffeted by every wind that blows. But something from her time as governess helps to shape the *locale*, too, for while at Southowram, near Halifax, in 1836, she had evidently studied the grotesque carvings and quaint inscriptions on the fabric of High Sunderland, a neighbouring hall—features that are reproduced in her description of that house of gloom, Wuthering Heights, the home of Heathcliff.

Catherine's intense feeling for the moors around Wuthering Heights—a mood charged with pantheism—is but a reflection of Emily's own yearning that was increased ten-fold during that time of exile at Southowram, and far more so when, in February, 1842, she accompanied Charlotte to Brussels for tuition at the Pensionnat Heger. Branwell's delirious shrieks in the parsonage after his carousals at the "Black Bull"—these find their echo in the book, too, and something, maybe, of Emily's unreturned love for the Rev. William Weightman, one of her father's curates.

WHEN *Jane Eyre* was offered to Messrs. Smith Elder & Co., the principal, George Murray Smith, was so impressed with it that he cancelled his Sunday morning ride into the country, refused all but a sandwich and a glass of wine for lunch, and finished reading the story before going to bed that night! Here was a certain best-seller. It was published without delay, in October, 1847.

Charlotte found great delight in reading the reviews of her book. It must have been equally pleasurable to break the news to father. Picture the scene. Taking a copy of *Jane Eyre* and one or two reviews, she entered his study one afternoon.

"Papa, I've been writing a book . . . and I want you to read it."

"I am afraid it will try my eyes too much."

"But it is not in manuscript : it is printed."

He protests at her rashness, declaring that it was almost sure to be a loss as nobody knew her name.

"But, papa, I don't think it will be a loss; no more will you, if you will just let me read you a review or two. . . ."

Having read the reviews she left the book with him.

Over tea, that evening, he said, "Girls, do you know Charlotte has been writing a book, and it is much better than likely."

Wuthering Heights, though written rather earlier than *Jane Eyre*, appeared two months later—in December, 1847. It did not win appreciation as readily as Charlotte's work, but during the next few months everybody was wondering who the authors—Currer and Ellis Bell—could be. Adopted for private reasons, these pen-names later gave rise to much confusion—some people assuming that, along with Anne's pseudonym, Acton Bell, they cloaked the activities of *one* person, and he a *man*—that Charlotte and Anne decided to reveal their true identities by visiting Smith Elder's London office.

Thus, without sending any notice of their plans, two slight figures dressed in black duly appeared in Cornhill! Recovering at last from his surprise, Mr. Smith began to make arrangements for their entertainment in London. Despite headaches and the lack of fine clothes, they went to see *The Barber of Seville* at the Opera House; they visited the Royal Academy and the National Gallery, and dined repeatedly with the kindly Mr. Smith at his house.

Charlotte's meetings with Thackeray and other literary celebrities were to be reserved for later visits—after Branwell had gone wretchedly to his death, and Emily and Anne pitifully to theirs. In her later novel, *Shirley*, Charlotte perpetuated Emily's memory in Shirley Keeldar.

One final scene. Charlotte, too, has followed her sisters. The parsonage on the hill is occupied by her husband, the Rev. Arthur Bell Nicholls, and her father—a crabbed old man scouring newspapers for references to his now-famous daughters, and poring devotedly over those early reviews of *Jane Eyre* and *Wuthering Heights*.

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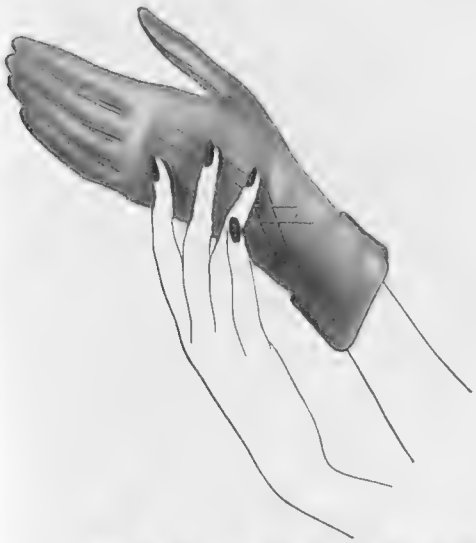

DENT'S GLOVES

Hand in Glove with Style for over 150 years

Stay pretty in the Sun

WITH ARDENA SUNPRUF CREAM

Bask in the sun but don't burn to a crisp! Use this wonderful filter cream to acquire a golden tan without discomfort. Ardena Sunpruf Cream is cool, invisible . . . use it on any exposed skin surface 7/6

Elizabeth Arden

NEW YORK · 25 OLD BOND STREET, LONDON W.1 · PARIS

GIVE GENEROUSLY TO THE LORD MAYOR'S NATIONAL **FLOOD DISTRESS** FUND

but I've got a tin of NESCAFÉ

Sheer delight—when at last you find a tin of Nescafé and enjoy rich, full flavoured coffee made right in the cup — no grounds, no bother. And the last spoonful is as deliciously fragrant as the first, for the flavour and aroma are *sealed in* by the special Nestlé process.

NESCAFÉ IS A SOLUBLE COFFEE PRODUCT composed of coffee solids, with dextrins, maltose and dextrose added to retain the aroma

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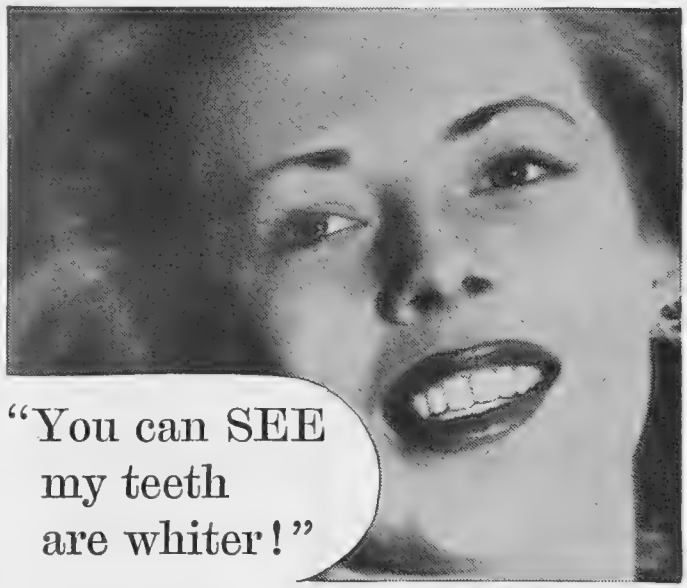

"You can SEE my teeth are whiter!"

Your mirror will reveal a new, pearly whiteness when you smile—after a week of using Pepsodent, the toothpaste made with Irium. Irium is the most effective tooth-cleaning substance known to dental science—and it is *exclusive to Pepsodent.* Softly and gently, it emulsifies and washes away the dull stains and harmful film that dim the natural brilliance of your smile. Your teeth are left gleaming, lustrous, whiter than you have seen them since nursery days! Use Pepsodent twice a day—see your dentist twice a year.

It's the Irium in Pepsodent toothpaste that gives you sparkling white teeth

P.D. 126-96-80

A Shining example of all that a polish should be

Duraglit Wadding Polish is a housewife's friend. The polish is in the wadding. Polish with a clean cloth. It doesn't spill or spot, leaves no unsightly deposit in crevices, and is economical. For all metals, tiles, porcelain, cellulose, glass and many other uses.

Metal Polish 9d. per tin

Duraglit Ltd.
15 Lancaster Avenue
Manchester 4

dura-glit
WADDING POLISH

The Killer

(*Continued from page 13*)

married the proprietor of the three top-ranking bawdy houses, built his own restaurant, Chicago's biggest and best, patronized by sports, celebrities, notorieties.

Naturally, the Chicago branch of the Sicilian Black Hand put its finger on the rich compatriot. "We'll take a cut—or else." Colosimo paid, but when the monthly blackmail soared, and Colosimo saw that he would soon be losing too much of his prohibition profits to the Black Handers, he consulted his underworld friends, and imported a smooth, slick, steady-eyed, round-jowled young Italian ex-machine-gunner, the strong-arm man for New York's Five Points gang.

The day came when Colosimo was due to leave $2,000 under a railway bridge on the outskirts of the town. He drove up, dumped the money, drove off. The four Sicilians, who had been watching from ambush, emerged, and strolled over to collect. As they bunched at the tunnel entrance, silhouetted against the light, *whurrr-uuupp !* They were all dead when found. A tommy gun volley had cut them down.

Al Capone had arrived.

"Thank you," said Colosimo. "Here's your money."

"Thanks," responded Al Capone. "You need a bodyguard. I'll stay."

A year later Colosimo fell with a bullet through the brain in his own restaurant. Capone took over. The rest is old crime history—except that, contrary to popular legend, Capone never again personally killed a man. But neither did Hitler. Both hired their killers. When Washington eventually put Capone behind bars in Alcatraz, it wasn't for murder. No killing could be hung on him. He was put away for violation of the income tax laws.

A criminologist would not classify Capone as a killer, but Bonnie Parker probably comes closer to the type pattern in his own jungle.

Bonnie Parker was a waitress when she married Clyde Barrow. Together the two ranged the backwoods states, holding up banks and any business with a cash register or safe, not infrequently shooting their way in, and out. They had quite a career before they were finally ambushed in their car and shot down with machine guns. The police surgeons counted eighty bullets in Bonnie's slim corpse. The hunters had good reason for taking no chances with that young woman. She had a machine gun in her lap when killed.

A curious and usually fatal thing about the true killer is that he is tempted to repeat himself once too often. Mr. Smith made that error. He should have varied his bathtub trick, and the ankle pull-up method of quick and silent killing, without wound, bruise or sign of a struggle. Killing women worried that man no more than wringing a hen's neck worries a poultry farmer. It was just a way of earning a living, without regularly working.

No one seems to have tried it since. Two or three swift catches, and hangings for gun murders, and the contemporary gun criminals —these wretched and misguided novices, these clumsy new alligators who have thrust into the crime swamp—will disappear.

There will then be left the irreducible minimum of murderers, who maintain a strangely consistent average—in ten years, in the 700 square miles which are Scotland Yard's bailiwick, murders ran twenty-three for each of nine years, the tenth year yielding twenty-one. Half of all British murderers regularly commit suicide before they can be arrested, which means that even before they killed they were candidates for the mental hospital or lunatic asylum, rather than the scaffold.

True killer types don't kill themselves. They kill and can always be counted on to kill again unless or until they are themselves killed.

END

Kirbigrips will keep your hairstyle beautifully set for all occasions. The secret is the Kirbigrip spring that lasts, not for a day, but all the year round.

The good tempered
"KIRBIGRIP"
REGISTERED TRADE MARK

Obtainable from all good Stores, made in England by Kirby Beard & Co. Ltd. Birmingham & London

Treasure House Of The World's Diamonds

(*Continued from page 25*)

admittedly make business brisker, the customers call at No. 32 by invitation only and never see the diamonds in bulk.

When an invited customer arrives he is ushered to a little first-floor room and sits at a deal table. The salesman procures from a safe the envelope marked with the customer's name or index number and places it formally on the table. There is no haggling. The buyer examines the gems through his jeweller's glass, goes over about one-third of the total with his tweezers, breathes on the stones to test their brightness and holds a few to the north to adjudge their colour, his every movement following sterotyped procedure. The parcel may contain stones he does not want but if the check-weight and price are right he has no choice but to buy the lot and dispose of the unwanted stones as best he may. Usually the buyer pays cash or banker's draft and he is rarely sold less than £10,000 worth. That is the D.T.C.'s method of doing business, and the industry has scant alternative but to accept its terms.

For the D.T.C. not only handles ninety-five per cent of the world's rough diamond sales but also, through its associated companies, controls ninety per cent of the world's total diamond mining. Its key men—Sir Ernest Oppenheimer, Geoffrey Joel, Alfred Beit and the rest, members of only two or three families—gauge the pressure of the market demand for roughs and adjust shipments from Africa and even mining production accordingly.

More than two-thirds of the diamonds sold by the D.T.C. however find their way not to jewellery showrooms but to workaday machine shops. From a flywheel to a bolt, hard carborundum wheels grind into shape every part of machinery, and only diamonds can cut and true up the hard carborundum. Even your watch has been diamond trued, and a large automobile plant will cut away and use 1,000 diamonds a year. For the 10,000th of an inch high precision of master gauges, diamond-tipped cutting tools are indispensable. The 200,000 yards of fine copper wire in the engines of a passenger plane have been made from molten copper drawn through a diamond die. The diamond is used in dentistry because it cuts quicker than steel and does not overheat. Glass-cutters, drawing dies, engraving tools, indentation points, drill bits and stone saws—they all rely on the "yellows."

In monopolizing the rough stones it has been said that the D.T.C. actually exerts a stranglehold on the modern industrial capacity of the whole of mankind. Even the rollers grinding the world's flour are diamond-trued—and, besides, the price of diamonds is based on the solid value of gold and not on their relative price in dollars or sterling. This has increased diamonds eightfold in value in thirty-five years.

No one pretends that a draughty threat of change isn't making itself felt in the sales-rooms of Holborn Viaduct. The D.T.C. has been attacked in the United States under the anti-cartel laws. It is on the defensive against criticisms of native labour in South Africa. Simultaneously, John Thorburn Williamson, the Canadian diamond-hunter, has opened a sudden chill blast of competition from his mine at Mwaudi, and is selling his own diamonds in London almost opposite No. 32's windows.

Owner with his brother of a mine eight times larger than any other, he has turned down a £5,000,000 offer to join the D.T.C., and last year scooped out £2,000,000 worth of stones though the main diamond pipe has not yet been touched.

END

Are you sure *your* teeth are safe? They may *look* nice, but—remember—unless your gums are healthy your teeth are in constant danger.

Take no chances; visit your dentist regularly, and use S.R. Toothpaste. The sodium ricinoleate in S.R. tones up the gums, strengthens their resistance to infection—keeping teeth *safe* as well as beautifully clean.

Gibbs **S.R.**
TOOTHPASTE
1/4 *(inc. tax)*

GR 163-1025-100

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set beauty free by deep cleansing

Thoroughly cleanse the skin with firm upward-outward strokes of cotton wool well soaked in Anne French Cleansing Milk

Remove surplus Cleansing Milk with dry cotton wool or soft cleansing tissue. Now you are ready to make up.

During the day whenever your skin needs refreshing, use Anne French Cleansing Milk and look your best.

Because it is so finely emulsified, Anne French Cleansing Milk penetrates DEEP into your pores to clear away the tiny specks of dust, so often the cause of skin blemishes.

Anne French
CLEANSING MILK

Price 3/- including purchase tax. Large size, 7/-

2/5 OLD BOND STREET, LONDON, W.1

MOTHER!
That Child's Cough needs

POTTER'S ASTHMA REMEDY

Nothing like *POTTER'S* for breaking up a cold, giving *instant relief* in *Asthma* and melting the congestion of bronchitis. Wonderful for Catarrh, Coughs, Whooping Cough, etc. 2/2 a tin.

★ *Outdoor workers should smoke Potter's Asthma Cigarettes.*

A46.S

POTTER & CLARKE LTD., ARTILLERY LANE, E.1

I'm kept on my toes,

says OLD HETHERS

I've been on the go all the weekend making jugful after jugful! Lucky I got an extra tin of Robinson's or you'd have gone thirsty. But it's no trouble really, sir. Making it from Robinson's 'Patent' Barley is easy as kiss your hand. Quite apart from its being a grand drink, there's the medical angle, too. You see, barley water is *good* for you and what could be better than something you like that does you good?

Barley Water from
ROBINSON'S
'PATENT' BARLEY

CVS-107

Glamorous!

says Mrs. RONALD COLMAN lovely wife of one of the screen's great actors :—" *We Hollywood wives have to watch our lip-appeal. That is why I'm so excited about the new Tangee 'Petal-Finish' Lipstick colours.*"

You, too, can be more glamorous if you wear Tangee's newest "Petal-Finish" Lipsticks. They keep your lips alluringly soft and appealing. In exciting new colours—

★ Gay-Red ★ Medium-Red ★ Theatrical-Red ★ Tangee Natural

. . . and NOW the perfect Cake Make-up

Tangee creates a thrilling new success in Petal-finish Cake Make-up. Four flattering shades—Rachel, Dark Rachel Peche and Tan.

USE *Tangee*

AND SEE HOW BEAUTIFUL YOU CAN BE

The Food for GENERAL FITNESS!

● The happy years of childhood make big demands on Nature's reserves of strength. WELGAR SHREDDED WHEAT contains nourishing elements which are vital to old and young alike. Needs no cooking.

WELGAR
(REGISTERED TRADE MARK)
SHREDDED WHEAT

Made by the Shredded Wheat Co., Ltd. WELwyn GARden City, Hertfordshire

Design in Red

(*Continued from page 28*)

uneasy. Sober, the little runt was petrified by his own shadow. Probably he was holed up there in his aunt's house, too craven to leave it because he had the idea there was something inimical waiting for him outside. In his extremity, he had turned, not to his friends Hamel and Colton, but to him, Bede.

Alonzo Bede rubbed his hands.

Selecting an automatic from the beetle-eaten tallboy in which he kept locked away the collection of firearms his interests in ballistics had led him to garner, he loaded the weapon and set out forthwith.

The address Weems had given him proved to be that of a small, attractive, suburban house, typically an aunt's residence, with a lawn and trees, and lights showing through drawn curtains.

Softly, with a keen sense of anticipation, Bede went up the flagged path. Reaching the door, he stood listening. No sound came from the house. Raising a hand to the knocker, he hesitated a moment, then rapped, not loudly.

Bede's hand tightened on the gun in his pocket.

Suddenly the door opened, and goggling, glass in hand, on the threshold, stood Roland Weems. "Hic-hah!" he said. "Bede, eh? All right, after all, eh? C'min, c'min!"

Bede stepped in, irritable in his disappointment. "What's going on here?"

"Very 'markable affair," said Roland Weems, who clearly had been fortifying his courage. "Most 'markable! So you're shtill alive, huh?"

"*I'm* still alive?" Bede said. "What are you talking about?"

"Thought somebody might've murdered you," explained Weems, and teetered ahead into a small, neat lounge, where on a cretonnne covered settee a blue-grey Persian cat was curled asleep. "Make 'self at home, Bede," he said hospitably. "Aunt gone on vacation. Always makes me look in, check up neighbour's fed cats. Drink?"

Bede shook his head impatiently. "Explain yourself," he said. "*Who* might've murdered me?"

Weems enumerated with boozy solemnity on his fingers. "One, Hamel," he said; "two, Colton; three, Weemsh! *Now*," he goggled sapiently, "'liminate Weemsh, huh? Good for Weemsh! That leaves Hamel—Colton. But you're shtill alive! No harm done! Good," said Weems, "wash it all out an' have li'l drink!"

Alonzo Bede's great, gloved hands closed on the elegant little man's lapels. He shook Weems till the dandy's dentures gnashed, then threw him down on the settee.

"Now," said Bede harshly. "Are you telling me you three put up a plan to kill me?"

"Don't misunderstand," said Weems, somewhat sobered. "It was just one of those things that are apt to come up after a few drinks. When you walked out of the club there last night, Hamel said, 'You know what? Somebody ought to bump that windbag off!' Colton took him up on it quick as a flash. 'Okay,' he said, 'which of us'll do it?' An' he took an envelope out of his pocket, tore it in three, marked one bit with a cross, and folded and shuffled them. 'Draw one each,' he says. 'Look at your paper, put a match to it, say nothing. The one who draws the marked paper rubs out Alonzo Bede!'"

Bede's eyes were small and hard; his mind was racing.

"You know how it is," said Weems, apologetically. "We'd had a few drinks. Nothing to it, of course—just a gag. Only—when I got to thinking about it this morning, it worried me a bit. Colton—he had a queer look in his eyes."

"He did, eh?" Alonzo Bede said softly.

Weems reached for his glass. "I wouldn't want to be mixed up in anything, so I thought I'd better be on the safe side—put you on your guard. Only, I wouldn't want *them* to know I'd spoken to you, so I called you up from out here at Aunt Alice's place, where we could have li'l conference, no one the wiser."

He tittered hopefully, looking up at Alonzo Bede.

But Bede, gaunt and tall, hands in the pockets of his waterproof, slouch hat pulled low over his eyes, was thinking hard. He had expected, hoped, to find Weems dead in this house—to find that Pettifer, at last, had struck. This revelation of a rumpot charade filled him with a sense of anti-climax. Yet at the same time he was conscious of an opportunity presented to him, of a plan shaping itself shadowly in his mind.

He said, "Who drew the marked paper, Weems?"

"I wouldn't know," said Weems, virtuously. "*I* drew a blank!"

"I see," said Alonzo Bede. "I see."

But what he saw, all at once, was his plan. He saw it vividly, to the minutest detail. And he felt himself entered and possessed by some transcendent power.

"Quite a gag, eh?" said Weems merrily.

And Bede laughed, too. "That's right," he said. "The joke's on me, Weems!" And restlessly patrolling the room, he approached nearer and nearer to the back of the settee. "A lucky dip to see who's going to murder me, eh?" His great, gloved hand came slowly from his pocket, gripping the automatic, clubbed. "That's a rich one, Weems!" He laughed down at the dandy's balding head. "You had me there, my friend."

Suddenly spitting, the cat shot from the settee—as Alonzo Bede, his laughter freezing on his lips, brought the clubbed automatic down with all his strength on the back of Weems's head.

Weems's laughter froze, too.

FROM strenuously desiring a man to commit murder, it was, Alonzo Bede reflected, a surprisingly easy step to finding one's patience exhausted and committing the deed for him.

The death of Roland Weems was reported in next day's afternoon editions. Naturally, the melancholy event caused a great deal of talk in the club that evening. Bede, dining alone, noticed particularly the aquiline Aubrey Hamel and the rubicund Colton frowning together at a distant table. It appealed to Bede's sense of the macabre that the waiter who was serving the bereaved companions was the self-styled Fagg, yielding to his usual facial contortions as he respectfully proffered cheese.

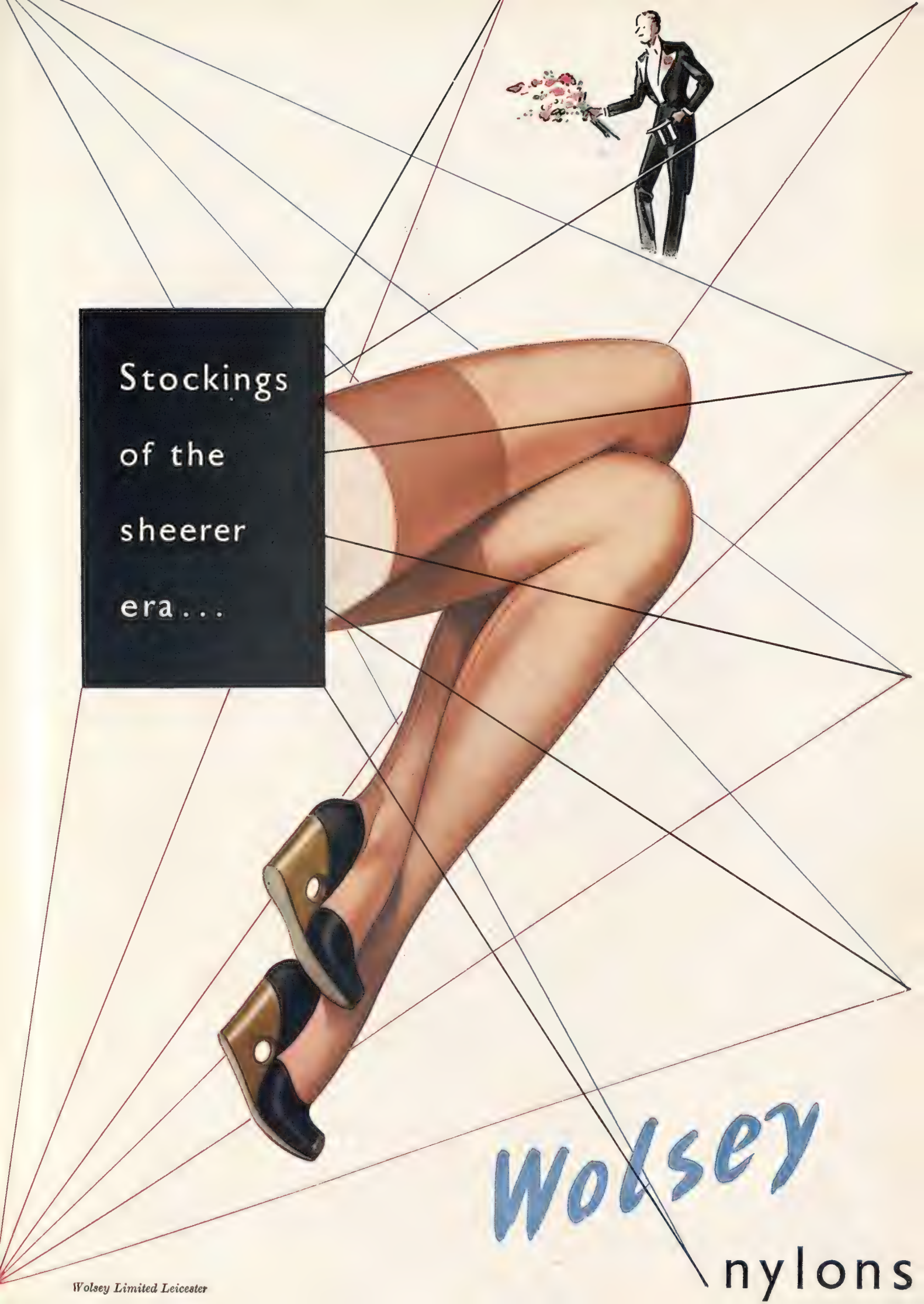
Impatient as Bede now found himself to push his plan rapidly to a conclusion, his progress was conditioned by the waiter's hours and habits. So that it wasn't until the evening of the waiter's next free half-day that Bede, by a circumspect route, made his way out to the handsome home, near Bromley, of Alexander Colton.

Bede was gratified to find the night very dark. And after a careful reconnaissance, he took up his position in a shrubbery close to the garage of the house.

He had not waited long when he heard the sound of a car changing gear. Yes, it was turning into the gateway. The gravel crackled under the tyres as the car slid close past him and into the wide-open garage. As the lights and engine were switched off, Bede, crouching tensely with his automatic clubbed in his hand, heard the throb of his own pulse like a drum-roll. There came the heavy thud of the car door closing, then a rattle as Colton unhooked the doors of the garage.

The doors were painted white. Colton's big figure showed shadowy against them as he took his key-ring from his pocket. Step by step, Bede crept from his hiding-place. The drum-roll in his head was quickening, ominous. His hand went up, gripping the clubbed gun. His teeth clenched, bared. The drums roared in his head. He struck.

THE newspaper reaction to the second murder fulfilled Alonzo Bede's most sanguine anticipations. As he sat in the club library next afternoon, studying his Press notices, he saw with satisfaction that London was at last jolted from its apathy. It was now so conditioned as to (*Continued on page 61*)



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fabrics branded TEBILIZED
have tested crease-resistance

Wrinkled *or* Ravishing?

The ravishing lady collects customers and compliments! When she's the customer she always asks for rayons branded Tebilized. While all fabrics crease, those composed of animal fibres, like wool, uncurl their creases naturally. Vegetable fibres, like rayon, crease easily. But rayons branded Tebilized have learned how to de-wrinkle themselves, much as wool does.

Look for the brand name Tebilized when buying rayon fabrics or garments.

Tebilized Trade Mark Users' Association,
(Dept. B.E.2.) 2 Cooper St., Manchester 2.

take a lively interest in the *denouement* of what he regarded as unquestionably his greatest case as a criminologist.

That evening the club was a-buzz like a hive of bees.

Putting on his coat in the hall after dinner, Bede saw Aubrey Hamel, with his hawk-like profile and lofty temples, sitting among a group of he-gossips in the lounge. The profundity of the actor's appearance, posturing there with knitted brows and curved meerschaum, tickled Bede. His plan required that one of the trio be spared, and since mere convenience of circumstances had doomed Weems, Bede had had no hesitation in choosing between Colton and Hamel. He had prudently elected to spare the one whose intelligence he most despised.

Returning to his home, Bede wrote a brief, friendly note to the actor, inviting him to smoke a pipe over the dire problem of Weems and Colton. He placed the note in an envelope, addressed it. He knew Hamel's bachelor flat well, had been there often in the days when Hamel had been one of his admirers.

Unlocking the firearm drawer in the tallboy, Bede selected two automatics. One, that on the butt of which the blood of Weems and Colton had congealed, he unloaded with gloved hands and thrust into the left pocket of his waterproof. The other he loaded and put in his right pocket.

It was about eleven when he went back to the club. He glanced idly into the various rooms, saw with satisfaction that Hamel was gone. As for the waiter, Bede knew the man went off duty at midnight.

Bede timed it well. He contrived just to be passing the staff entrance of the club as the waiter emerged.

"Ah," said Bede, stopping, "is that you, Fagg?" It was dark here; there was nobody about. "I'm sorry to trouble you at this hour," said Alonzo Bede, "but I wonder if you'd do me a service, Fagg, and deliver this note to Mr. Hamel on your way home?"

It was an uncharacteristically generous tip that he proffered with the envelope. And the waiter, after peering at it, said without hesitation, "Certainly, sir."

"Be sure you hand it to him personally," said Alonzo Bede. "Thank you, Fagg, that's very civil of you."

At a discreet distance, he followed the waiter. And when presently the man turned up the steps of a house near the British Museum and pushed in through the revolving door, Bede's stride lengthened. He ran up the steps, glanced in through a segment of the door.

Pettifer was speaking to a shirt-sleeved porter holding a steaming cocoa-pot. The lift here, as Bede well knew, was not operated after midnight; and the porter, sure enough, nodded towards the stairs.

Hamel's flat was on the fourth floor. Carefully gauging in his mind the waiter's upward progress, Bede lingered a moment or two—then thrust in urgently through the revolving door. Pettifer had disappeared up the stairs. The porter glanced out from his cubbyhole, and striding across to him, Bede said breathlessly:

"I'm a friend of Mr. Hamel's. You know me—you've seen me here before. Did a man just come in here with some trumped-up inquiry for Mr. Hamel?"

"He—he said he had a note," the porter stammered, "to deliver personally. He—"

"You let him up?" Bede exclaimed. He gestured towards the telephone. "Call the police! Don't stand staring—I'll take full responsibility!"

Turning, he ran up the stairs three at a time. The hand in his right pocket gripped the loaded automatic. His breath was labouring as he reached the fourth landing. The drums roared in his head. He checked. Not ten yards from him stood Pettifer. He was in the act of knocking on the door of Hamel's flat. He knocked with his left hand. His right was feeling for the envelope in his pocket. He glanced round, saw Bede—saw Bede's taut grin, the automatic clamped in his gloved hand. The waiter's face contorted violently.

Bede fired. The report was thunderous. The waiter spun round from the door, swayed, fell obliquely across the landing. Bede strode to him, rolled him over on to his back, twitched up an eyelid.

The door of Hamel's flat jerked open. Bede looked up. The actor stood lean and tall in a crimson Jaeger dressing-gown, a pipe in his hand, his mouth open.

Bede said harshly, "Get back in there, Hamel—call the police!"

The actor stared down blankly at the prone figure. "Fagg?" he said—and looked incredulously at Bede. "Dead?"

"If he weren't," Alonzo Bede said grimly, "*you* would be! And his name's not Fagg! Now, get on the phone while I pull him inside. There'll be a crowd here in a moment."

Hamel turned back sharply into his hallway. Bede gripped the dead man under the armpits, dragged him in, slammed the door, slipped the catch. Hamel was at the telephone in the room beyond, dialling. Bede, his back to the room, stooped over the dead man. He drew the dead man's right hand from the pocket into which it was thrust. The fingers loosely clasped the envelope. Bede transferred it to his own pocket, took out the bloodstained, unloaded automatic which had killed Colton and Weems. With gloved hands, he clasped the waiter's lax fingers over the gun, so that they held it clubbed, then thrust hand and gun back into the dead man's pocket.

Hamel's voice said, puzzled, into the telephone, "Somebody called in from here already?"

Bede, removing and pocketing his gloves, straightened up, turned. He called, "That'd be the porter downstairs, Hamel. I told him to call, but wasn't sure he'd understood!"

He moved gauntly to the door, looking across at the actor.

"You can tell them," said Alonzo Bede, in his arrogant, nasal voice, "that the dead man is the man who killed Colton and Weems—and who, if I hadn't got him, would have smashed *your* head in, too, the instant you opened that door! You can tell them that he's an escaped homicidal maniac and that his name's Pettifer!"

THE statement which Alonzo Bede made to the police, and later to the Press, was a highly resourceful mingling of fact and fiction. It explained the deductive steps by which he had arrived at a suspicion that the waiter knew something about the deaths of Weems and Colton. It introduced effectively *The Bridge of San Luis Rey* as a master clue—to a man of Bede's encyclopaedic memory—indicating the true identity of the waiter. It developed a compelling tension in its revelation of how, trailing the waiter in the hope of obtaining corroboration of his theories, he, Bede, had been enabled providentially to save the life of the stage's greatest Sherlock Holmes.

Studying the newspapers in the club library next afternoon, Alonzo Bede basked in self-congratulation. No flaw had appeared in his plan. Witnesses were being flown in and fingerprints checked, the newspapers stated, for the formal identification of the maniac. As much a matter of form would be his, Bede's, official exoneration for shooting down that public menace. Already, Bede had destroyed the note with which he had lured Pettifer into his trap. So that now, after his long sessions with police and Press, Alonzo Bede was wholly free to savour his triumph.

That evening, he held court in the club. Tolerantly he accepted the homage of his fellow-members, including the chastened and grateful Hamel.

Last to leave the club, he was in excellent spirits as he poked his key into the lock of his own door. Surprisingly, the door swung back a little as the key touched it. Bede frowned. Switching on the hall light, he glanced at the lock. The snap was down, holding the catch back. Odd, he thought. He must have touched the snap accidentally in going out. He took off his hat and coat, switched on the light in his study. He checked. On his heavy desk lay all the afternoon and evening papers, arranged in a neatly overlapping sequence.

He walked to the (*Continued on page 62*)

OPTREX
the
eye lotion

"Only the best is good enough for your eyes"

That is why we would not make a second-rate lotion during the war. That is why Optrex has been so scarce. But better supplies of the essential materials are now coming through, and so there is more Optrex about. Optrex Eye Compresses, too, are now available. Ask for them at your chemists.

Whether you wear glasses or not, you should have your eyes examined at regular intervals by a Qualified Practitioner.

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St. Martin
MAKERS OF THE CELEBRATED
'CHUNKY'
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MARMALADE
and other High Quality Preserves

St. Martin Preserving Co. Ltd.
Maidenhead, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Ely, Horsted Keynes.

"We're turning them out as hard as we can go" *they say at the* **ACME** *factory*

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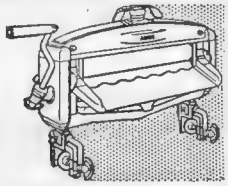

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desk. He saw at once that, in the uppermost paper, every appearance of the name Pettifer was underlined with red pencil.

Bede moistened his lips. That red underscoring up and down the columns had a subtly sinister effect. He became conscious of a foreboding thump in his chest. Who had been here? And why?

Sitting down in the worn leather desk-chair, he switched on the reading-lamp, hooked his spectacles over his ears, lifted the top paper. Under his own likeness, Einstein-haired, forefinger oracularly uplifted, the second paper, too, was underscored. In all the papers, every reference he had made to Pettifer was heavily marked in red.

Swallowing, he found his throat dry. What was the purpose of this? What was the message it was intended to convey?

Halfway down a column of the topmost paper, a sentence underlined with special boldness caught his eye: "*Witnesses are being flown in, and fingerprints checked, for purposes of formal identification.*"

Alonzo Bede sat quite still, considering a curious notion. At the time he, Bede, had left the Yard the waiter hadn't yet been conclusively identified. *Conclusively*——

Bede's hand went to his bony jaw. Queer how quiet the room was. There seemed something almost unnatural about the hush—a sense of waiting.

Impossible to suppose that the dead waiter was *not* Pettifer the maniac! Oh, impossible! Bede laughed. The dry sound had a grotesque effect in the hush; it made his nerves leap. His imagination was busy with the implications of the idea. His imagination seized on it, raced away with it. If the dead waiter were *not* Pettifer, then the real Pettifer was still at large. He might be here in London, safest of all bolt holes. He might have read these newspaper stories. They might have drawn his attention to him, Alonzo Bede: Pettifer, with his clairvoyant urge to smash people's heads in, Pettifer the maniac.

Only Bede's eyes moved now, small, deep-set, crafty, darting glances about the room, piercing into the shadows, searching. Intently, he listened. His hearing strained.

He heard the floor creak faintly behind him.

Alonzo Bede's big hands lay open on the newspapers. His fingers began to move. He couldn't still them. A nightmare inhibition clamped him in his chair. There was a crawling chill along his spine. His tongue clove as he tried to speak.

"Pettifer?" he heard his voice say, on a queer, thick note of inquiry. "Pettifer? Pettifer?"

He listened, his head cocked, his fingers writhing. And again, stealthily, the floor creaked under a footstep behind him. Yet again it creaked, closer. And a hoarse cry broke from Bede's lips, and his scalp crawled.

"No, Pettifer! No, no, no, no! I'll tell them! I'll tell them you didn't kill those men! Don't! *Don't!*"

His hands flew up to clasp the back of his head, convulsively. He cowered, eyes tight shut, teeth clenched.

Nothing happened.

Bede opened his eyes to the marked newspapers, the shine of the desk-lamp. He drew his hands from his head. He licked his lips. Slowly, he turned his head, looking up over his shoulder. He sprang so violently to his feet that his desk-chair toppled over backwards.

Aubrey Hamel stepped quickly to one side.

The door from the landing opened. A man whom Bede recognized as from the Yard came in swiftly. There were uniformed men behind him. The detective came to Bede. A flash, a snap of handcuffs. Bede looked down stupidly at his manacled wrists, then his eyes went to Hamel.

The actor, spare and tall, took out a pipe, began to fill it. The light gleamed on his lofty temples.

He said, "I was slow last night, Bede. There's a mirror over the telephone in my flat. When I was calling the police, I had an impression you took an envelope from the waiter's pocket. I thought a lot about that—afterwards. And I had a word with the police. I was there at the time the waiter was conclusively identified—*as Pettifer!*"

Hamel set his pipe between his teeth.

"Yes—Pettifer, Bede!" he said. "You were dead right! But I had a notion it wasn't Pettifer who'd killed Colton and Weems. So I suggested to the police that they suppress for a few hours the news of Pettifer's formal identification, and that we stage a little scene to observe your reactions if you believed Pettifer still at large. I was prepared to do a little acting, but there was no need. You've told us that it wasn't Pettifer who killed Weems and Colton. In telling us that, you've told us clearly enough, I think, *who did!*"

Alonzo Bede drew in his breath slowly, deeply. "Now, tell *me* something," he said. "When you, Colton and Weems drew lots to see who should—be my finish, which of you got the marked slip?"

The actor's expression was all the answer Bede needed. He looked at the man he had spared and a strange mirth welled up in him. He couldn't control it. It overwhelmed him. Alonzo Bede glimpsed inscrutable patterns through a crack in eternity, and his laughter pealed.

END

I'd Like To Write A Play

(*Continued from page 42*)

of their construction. Brown's besetting fear was that, one day, the formula would fail to work, and the mixture-as-before would turn sour and refuse to come out of the mould; but it never did.

Some of Brown's plays were less successful than others; but all of them ran for long enough to establish themselves as SUCCESSES.

And what of Jones? Poor Jones's path was a much harder one to travel.

An idea for a play would come into Jones's head; and, if that idea was born ripe, so to speak, it would *have* to be poured out on to the nearest available paper, whether it happened to be a writing pad or the backs of envelopes.

If the inspiration continued far into the night, Jones would be compelled to sit up with it, until both were exhausted: and then it might be days or weeks before the same thing occurred again.

But Jones's plays were born complete: they might be cut or altered slightly during rehearsal, but there was no preliminary chopping or polishing by the author, once they were written down. The pangs of their birth were considerable, but, at least, they arrived WHOLE.

I have a vivid recollection of that evening in Brown's barn: the light was provided by a great many candles, stuck on to an enormous wooden ring, which was suspended by a chain from the high ceiling: they were very pretty, but rather hot, and they made everyone's faces shiny, giving us all the air of greasy school children, listening to a Punch and Judy dialogue.

The two writers seemed to forget the rest of us, and lost themselves in their discussion: each was amazed at the methods of the other, and their incredulity kept bringing new points to light.

The debate could have been made into a one act play, if either of the authors had felt like using the idea, but, as far as I know, they never have.

And which of these two methods of construction is the correct one? (If there is such a thing as a "correct" method of letting loose one's creative ideas.)

Well, the comparative success of two living authors might be gauged on which made the most money, but, if I could get anyone to lay me the odds, and be here in a hundred year's time to collect my winnings, I would guarantee to say which of the two, Brown or Jones, will still be heard of at the end of a century.

END

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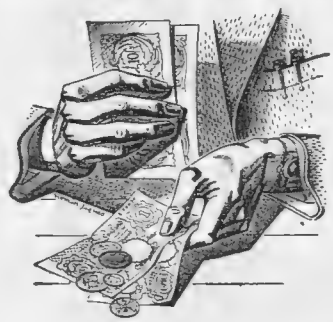

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(*Continued from page* 38)

without shaping, then k. 2 tog. each end of every 4th row until 99 sts. remain. Work on the 99 sts. until side seams measure 12 ins. from the cast on edge.

Change to No. 13 needles, and work 1 in. in moss stitch.

Make a row of holes : * Work 4, m. 1, take 2 tog. Repeat from * to end. Work 1 in. moss stitch. Cast off.

Work another leg to correspond.

TOP

With No. 12 needles cast on 31 sts. Work ½ in. moss stitch. Continue in stocking stitch. Work 8 ins. then inc. 1 st. each end of next and every 4th row following until 73 sts. on needle, and 16 ins. from the cast on edge.

Work 1 in. moss stitch. Cast off. Work another piece to correspond.

EDGINGS

With No. 13 needles cast on 5 sts. Work 4 pieces to go along each side of the top. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press each part with a warm iron and damp cloth. Sew up the side and under seam of knickers. With No. 13 needles pick up and knit 104 sts. round leg (lower edge). Work ½ in. moss stitch. Cast off loosely. Work other leg to correspond.

STRAP FOR TOP

With No. 13 needles cast on 11 sts. Work ½ in. moss stitch. Divide sts. Work on the first 5 sts. for 20 ins., in moss stitch. Cast off. Return to the remaining 6 sts., k. 2 tog. then work on the remaining 5 sts. for 20 ins. moss stitch. Cast off. Sew up the seam at the back of top. Sew on the edgings on the lower and upper parts of top. Turn over the centre inch moss stitch (in half) on the wrong side and stitch down. Press all seams. With a No. 10 crochet hook, make two pieces of chain about 6 ins. in length. Thread these 2 pieces through each "hem" of the front moss stitch. Stitch firmly at the top end, pull up and stitch at the lower end. Now stitch together about ½ in. at the top and lower end of the "hem". Sew on strap to the centre of top.

Make a long chain of double wool and thread through the holes at the waist of briefs.

Sloppy Joe Sweater (*Continued from page* 38)

SHAPE BACK OF NECK AND SHOULDERS

Work 36 sts., cast off 34 sts., work 36 sts. Cast off 9 sts. at the beg. of the next 4 armhole end rows. Return to the first set of 36 sts. and work to correspond.

SLEEVES

With No. 5 needles cast on 62 sts. Work 3 ins. k. 1, p. 1. Change to main pattern and work 1 in., then inc. 1 st. each end of the next and every 8th row following until 94 sts. on needle and sleeve measures 18 ins. from the cast on edge.

SHAPE TOP

Cast off 6 sts. at the beg. of the next 2 rows. Dec. 1 st. at the beg. of every row until 48 sts. remain, then 1 stitch each end of every row until 18 sts. remain. Cast off.

NECK BAND

Sew up shoulder seams. With No. 11 needles and right side of work facing, pick up and knit 64 sts., from the centre back to the centre front, work 4 rows in k. 1, p. 1 dec. 1 st. at the centre front end of every row, cast off loosely in rib. Work other side to correspond.

TO MAKE UP

Press all parts with a warm iron and damp cloth. Sew up side and sleeve seams. Sew in sleeves. Press all seams.

Fog (*Continued from page* 19)

Was it in vain that we lost half our total population and ten million dollars in those terrible years? . . . And how could either the Bolivians or ourselves have fought that war but for British arms? British planes? Yes, even British freelance pilots too?"

"Excellency, they could have fought it just as well with American arms, American planes and American pilots. To some extent, indeed, they did. For what is the Gran Chaco but a huge oil concession leased by us to the Yanks? . . . It's just a question of which you prefer, sir—solidarity with Britain or solidarity with the United States."

"*Basta!*" swore Dr. Diazola. "By leaning towards Britain we shall at least try to preserve our independence. By falling completely under American commercial domination we shall gradually be sucked into a Federation of North and South America. And that is something I have striven against all my life."

"Need you have striven so?" asked Ferñao boldly. "Is that not the natural destiny of our country?"

"Ferñao, I am thankful that you are dismissed from my service. Only now do I realize what a monumental ignoramus you are." Dr. Diazola breathed deeply. "You're very young, of course. Your generation is impressed by superficial glitter and efficiency. You are soft, and do not know how to hate. You have little sense of quality. . . . Above all, you have never been taught economics properly. You have never grasped the elementary rule that trade is not only what you can get, but what you can offer in exchange. Britain, you understand, will always be an importing country——"

"Of course, sir. But——"

"We need pounds as well as dollars, Ferñao; and Britain needs canned meat. In our country we have three times as many cattle as human beings : we need ships for our navy."

"And ports for our ships," growled Ferñao. "No wonder they make fun of us. Paraguay, the country with a navy but no sea! It's nearly as ridiculous as Horthy in Hungary—an admiral without a fleet."

"Do not remind me of these things," winced Dr. Diazola. "Our time will come. We shall not for ever be held down by oil concessions. Our national aspirations will be heard."

Dr. Diazolo's tirade, which had by now developed into a rehearsal of his opening speech at the conference—the speech which would now never be delivered—was interrupted by a knock at the door. A boy appeared with an armful of newspapers.

"Since we were avoidably prevented from attending the conference this morning, we can at least read reports of it in the evening papers," His Excellency went on bitterly. He handed Ferñao a sheaf of them and began going through the remainder of them himself.

"I do not understand it," he burst out in anguish. "They all refer to the conference as 'about to take place.' I have always heard that English journalism was a high-speed affair, and that a report of a function which takes place in the morning usually appears in the evening newspapers of the same day. Speak, Ferñao."

"That is true, Excellency." Ferñao looked up from the *Daily Express* with a new triumph in his eyes. "But I beg to point out, sir, that these are not evening papers. They are morning papers."

Dr. Diazola turned slowly heliotrope. "So!" he hissed. "I am now asked to believe that English morning papers come out in the evening. You cannot (*Continued on page* 66)

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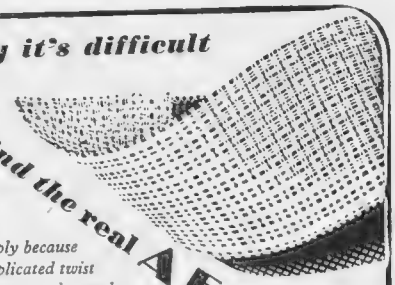

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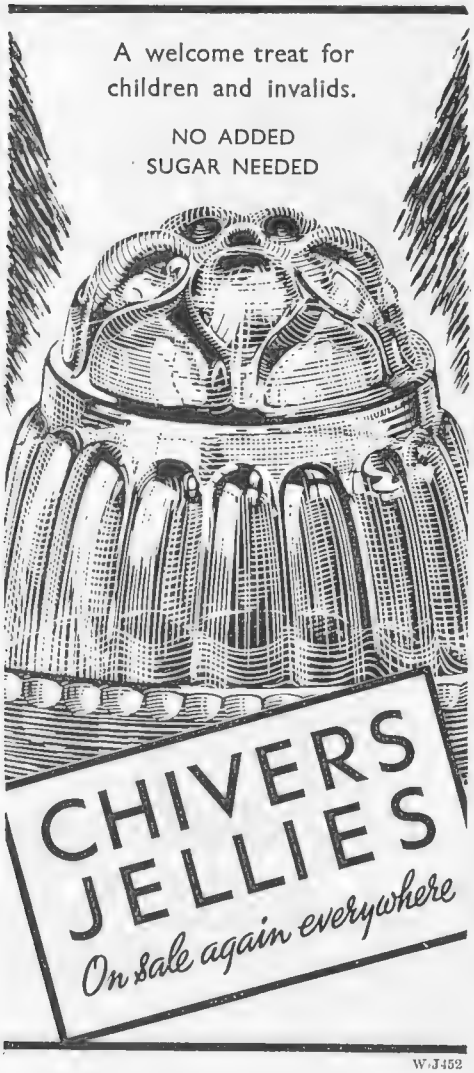

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deceive me further. It is plain to me that you are completely untrustworthy, Ferñao. . . . Look at the date on these papers. *February the sixteenth.* The same as the date on the other newspapers. The date, in fact, of the conference."

"That is correct, Excellency. They *are* morning papers, and to-day *is* the sixteenth. To-day is yesterday after all!" Ferñao consulted his watch, and went on excitedly: "Excellency, I suspect that we are labouring under a delusion in supposing that it is evening. I believe it is morning, and that the conference has not yet taken place! See, it is now eleven-thirty. In this desperate situation, Excellency, let us not be afraid of seeking confirmation by asking apparently foolish questions." He lifted the telephone, and elocuted very distinctly: "Will you have the goodness to tell me whether it is day or night? . . . You are sure? Thank you." Ferñao's hand trembled slightly as he hung up. "Sir, it *is* morning."

Dr. Diazola held his head in his hands as if it were bursting. "But I have slept," he moaned. "I have slept beautifully and for a long time—over twelve hours, it seems. What trick of the fourth dimension is this? It is impossible."

"I think, sir, you will find that you slept for only half an hour."

"Half an hour," Dr. Diazola muttered idiotically.

"From 10-15 a.m., February the sixteenth, until 10-45 a.m., February the sixteenth," smiled Ferñao. "It is well known, sir, that some people can derive as much refreshment and vigour from a half-hour nap, as others do from a whole night's rest. Mr. Winston Churchill is said to be among them: so also, I believe, was the late Lord Lloyd George. It is doubtless, sir—" Ferñao lowered his eyes flatteringly, "—one of the attributes of greatness."

Dr. Diazola was silent for two minutes as he absorbed the idea. "Then, Ferñao, I have misjudged you. I shall re-engage you, of course. I fear I spoke hastily, in confusion and distress of mind." He solemnly kissed his secretary on both cheeks.

"We must hurry, Excellency," Ferñao said briskly. "We have just twenty-five minutes to get to Whitehall for the opening of the Trade Conference."

The telephone rang. Dr. Diazola answered it. "Yes. . . . Yes." He spoke calmly but sharply. "Please ask them to wait in the vestibule. We shall be down directly."

Ferñao packed his master's briefcase.

"Fernao, the other delegates are here. It seems that they tried to contact us earlier but lost their way in the fog. Are you ready?".

An hour later Dr. Diazola rose to address the assembly of the Anglo-Latin-American Trade Conference at the Board of Trade. His eyes strayed for a moment to the window as if seeking inspiration. Outside he could just see the sun piercing its way through the mist, for it was now no more than a mist. He sneezed delicately two or three times, dabbed his nose with a sodden handkerchief, and began in a blaze of happy symbolism: "Gentlemen, now that we have come through the dark night of economic insecurity into the bright day of greater prosperity, we are gathered together to-day to, ah, to dispel the, ah, the fog of misunderstanding, and, ah——"

END

A Coronation Without The Queen

(*Continued from page* 20)

princess had charitably assisted, led to the widespread rumour that the boy was her own illegitimate child. So widespread was the gossip that it was considered necessary to instigate the so-called "Delicate Investigation," in 1806—though there was little that was delicate in any sense of the word about this Privy Council inquiry into the behaviour of the Princess of Wales. Caroline was acquitted of any serious charge, but was not allowed to appear in court to speak in her own defence.

Thereafter, the princess's position gradually deteriorated. Forcibly separated from her daughter, she left England to live on the Continent, chiefly in Italy. On the accession of her royal husband in 1820, Caroline returned to England, determined to play her rightful role as queen consort. But a host of indiscretions, improprieties, unconventionalities, and lapses from continence, were urged against the unfortunate woman; with the result that a bill to dissolve her marriage, and to deprive her of her rights and privileges as queen, was brought before the House of Lords. The Queen of England's trial began in August, 1820, and ended in November, when the bill was abandoned after its third reading. Caroline was permitted to assume her royal title, and wild celebrations and rejoicings broke out all over the country. This victory, as we have seen, did not prevent the queen from being denied access to the coronation ceremony in which she should, by rights, have taken a leading part; and it is considered probable that the final affront did much to hasten her death (she died the following month, on August 7, 1821).

Not even in death was Caroline safe from unseemly incident; her funeral procession, *en route* for Brunswick, causing an appalling riot. The populace, who wished the cortege to proceed through the City so that honour could be done to the remains of a loved and popular queen, opposed the Guards, under the king's orders that Caroline's corpse should not pass through the town. It was—as it so often is—a grey and wet and cloudy August day; the rain teemed down in torrents, barricades were erected, pistols fired, one man killed and another seriously wounded . . . but the people won their way, and Queen Caroline's funeral procession wound its way through the City streets.

END

The Royal Mile

(*Continued from page* 29)

consequently, such an expedition warrants as much planning as a trip to London!

Here in the "Lands" with their dark, spiral stairways, in the houses once inhabited by the great figures in Scottish history, live the very poor. In some, huge stone fireplaces with the arms of some noble family carved on the lintel, fill one wall; in others, countless layers of whitewash have been laid over eighteenth-century painted-panel ceilings. Here, where antiquity is looked on only as "auld-fashioned," are scenes that would make an antiquarian writhe in anguish. Adam mantelpieces in green-veined marble, with classic urn and acanthus decoration have been painted over by succeeding generations, until the ornament no longer stands out in relief, but has become incorporated in the many layers of paint and grime.

The old Adam fireplaces have gone, torn out by the tenants during the Adam craze, when sharp dealers canvassed the area offering two or three pounds for a good specimen. Most of the Adam fireplaces now in London flats came originally from this source. The same state of affairs is to be found throughout the whole length of the mile, from Castle to Holyrood, but now realization has set in, and the city has a project for reclaiming The Mile.

The city fathers intend to reconstruct the old buildings, furnish them in period and install learned societies and institutions in place of the slum-dweller.

Paradoxically enough, despite the damage wrought on the old houses by disinterested tenants, it is in the Royal Mile that the history of Edinburgh is still preserved. Here

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the personalities and great figures of the past still live vividly in the minds of the inhabitants.

There is history and drama in every yard of The Mile's length. From the Castle to Holyrood there is enough material to fill a bookshelf and even then the surface would scarce be scratched. Cromwell watched his fleet in the Forth from a building on the site of the Sheriff Court. Lady Stair's Close brings memories of the unfortunate countess who, married to a madman was forced to jump, half-clad, through her bedroom window, as her husband tried to run her through with his sword. In the Old Assembly Close was once the Assembly Rooms, the nightly haunt of the city's socialites, satirized by Goldsmith.

Farther down The Mile is Knox's House, one of the most picturesque buildings in The Mile. Here Knox was reputed to have stayed for a time and spent the last years of his life there. Bought eventually by the Free Kirk, it is now an unofficial Knox Museum, containing such things as his hour-glass which he used for timing his sermons and a rushlight holder which was supposed to have furnished his illumination. In Blackfriars Wynd (now Street) was Cardinal Beaton's Palace. Up this dingy alley went Mary from the Kirk o' Field to Holyrood on the night of Darnley's murder.

There is Morocco Land, with its fairy-tale story of the pirate ship which appeared in the Forth, in 1645, at the height of the great plague, commanded by a young Edinburgh lad, Andrew Gray. He came to pillage but remained to marry the provost's daughter whom he cured of the sickness by magic. He was commanding an Algerian corsair when he arrived in the Forth and this is commemorated in the name of the house in which he dwelt with his wife. Nearby is the quaint White Horse Close, once the starting point for the London coach. It was from here that a number of Scottish nobles were setting out to join Charles I, at Berwick, when the inhabitants rose up and restrained them. The only one to escape was Montrose.

Nearby is Moray House, now a training college for teachers. Cromwell lodged here, and tradition has it that here the arrangements for the king's execution were drawn up. It is excellently preserved and possesses one of the finest dome-shaped ceilings in the country. Across from it is the Canongate Tolbooth, dating from 1591, once a jail and execution centre. A few yards farther along is the Old Canongate Church, in the graveyard of which are buried Burns's "Clarinda," and his friend Fergusson the poet, Adam Smith and Scott's printer, Ballantyne.

Here in 1 mile 106 yards is gathered the whole of Scotland's story. Here are old houses, wynds and closes, each one of which has played a part in forging Scotland. In daylight, The Royal Mile looks shabby—a street of slums, small, dimly lit shops, and many pawnbrokers, with slatternly women and furtive street-corner bookmakers. But with the coming of night The Mile regains something of its past glory.

END

In Search Of Glamour

(*Continued from page 40*)

It makes a very pleasant summer friction. Arden's Eau de Cologne is back on the market again and costs 10s. 9d. a bottle; and also their Flower Mist in Rose Geranium and Jasmine at the same price. For evenings, however, when you want to be particularly alluring, Goya's "Studio" can be guaranteed to supply the glamour.

Some women prefer a bath essence to an after-bath friction, and there is one shop near Park Lane where they have a large selection of luxury bath essences. These include: Sandalwood, Rose Geranium, Milk of Roses, Park Lane, Gardenia, Grantham (French Fern), Hyde Park (for connoisseurs), Eunice—which is a blend of carnation, and Mimosa which is another blend both fragrant and delicious—all for 15s. or 5s. 9d. a bottle. The original Omy bath essence costs 21s.

END

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Books (*Continued from page 41*)

affliction, any more than honest folk try to sentimentalize age and decay. In describing his own experience in adapting himself to blindness, if not conquering it, he is frank, practical, realistic—which makes the book a testament of psychological and philosophic value.

JOSEPH SHEARING showed what he could do with the macabre novel of Victorian life in *Airing in a Closed Carriage*. **"For Her to See"** (Hutchinson, 9s. 6d.) puts a soured, envious, blackmailing widow in the same plush-and-horsehair period, and traces the tragic results—double murder and suicide—of her sinister cruelty. A woman friend's love affair with a married man, a few indiscreet letters, fear of exposure—and the stage is set for a gripping, absorbing drama.

DRAMATIC in a different way—the conflict of a U.S. shipowning family with "reds"—is Mr. Charles G. Norris's **"Flint"** (Hammond, 10s. 6d.) in which love is at stake as well as capital and labour. There is a girl, Caddie, whose heart is torn between the two factions personified by industrialist's son and dockers' leader; and a surprise climax which indicates that the pair were not so far apart after all, though their rivalry ended in tragedy. A sound story in the direct line of Bennett's *Milestones*, Galsworthy's *Strife*.

"REDS" figure in another U.S. story, Miss Eleanor Clark's **"The Bitter Box"** (Michael Joseph, 9s. 6d.), for Mr. Temple, docile bank clerk for twelve years, falls in with the editor of a small revolutionary "rag" when he walks out of the groove one day, impelled by heaven knows what. The change wrought in his life is sketched in a strangely atmospheric, symbolic way that gives this novel distinction.

WE are in U.S.A. again with Mr. Arthur Meeker's **"The Far Away Music"** (Michael Joseph, 10s. 6d.), a sober provincial family chronicle about the wealthy Big Business Bascombs of Chicago back in the '50s, the daughter Julie who marries an unstable romantic, and the conflicts that ensue after his return from the Californian goldfields, an apparent failure. Expert characterization; well written.

YOLANDA FOLDES, who won an all-nations prize with her story of Paris refugees, *The Street of the Fishing Cat*, takes the impact of a strange, war-hardened girl on a much older widower architect for her chief theme in **"Make You a Fine Wife"** (Hutchinson, 9s. 6d.). What happens when his son Michael—also war hardened—returns from the East you may guess. This is an admirable study of contrasting generations that even love cannot bridge—least of all after a war.

HERE is a list of books which will repay the attention of readers:—

NOVELS

"Mrs. Applegate's Affair," by Frederic F. van de Water (Skeffington, 9s. 6d.); **"Foreigner's Child,"** by C. C. Moynihan (Macdonald, 8s. 6d.); **"Lancer's Lace,"** by F. E. Baily (Macdonald, 8s. 6d.); **"The Man Who Limped,"** by Victor Bridges (Macdonald, 8s. 6d.); **"Happy Highway,"** by Margaret Pulsford (Macdonald, 8s. 6d.); **"Sorcerer's Shaft,"** by Francis Gerard (Macdonald, 8s. 6d.); **"Margot Leck,"** by Peter Piper (Hurst & Blackett, 9s. 6d.); **"The Peacemaker,"** by John Remenham (Macdonald, 8s. 6d.); **"The Happy Woman,"** by Christine Orr (Rich & Cowan, 9s. 6d.); **"Six to Ten,"** by John Garden (Michael Joseph, 7s. 6d.); **"The Moving Finger,"** by John Barrington (John Langdon, 6s. 6d.); **"Nine Bells,"** by Kendal Davies (Hutchinson, 9s. 6d.); **"Bonfires,"** by Joan Kennedy (John Long, 9s. 6d.).

MISCELLANEOUS

"No Kidding," by Geoffrey Goss (Hammond, Hammond, 7s. 6d.); **"Improving Your Tennis,"** by G. P. Hughes (Faber and Faber, 6s.); **"Stories from the Bible,"** by Walter de la Mare (Faber & Faber, 12s. 6d.); **"The Vital Flame,"** by Compton Mackenzie (Frederick Muller, 12s. 6d.); **"Ladies in Crime,"** edited by Ellery Queen (Faber & Faber, 9s. 6d.); **"Innocence and Experience,"** short stories by Phyllis Bottome (Faber and Faber, 8s. 6d.).

END

Destiny Man (*Continued from page 32*)

"I must give you the low-down, then," he said. Obviously he meant to ignore the past? Good. He pointed out a couple of stage celebrities in the mob, then began to describe the show in which they were appearing.

Eve had forgotten he was such good entertainment-value. Or was it because he was now less *alarming* than he used to be? she thought. Nicer. More companionable. Don't they *say* Englishmen make better friends than lovers?

But the dimly-rosy corner where they sat began to simmer with an atmosphere Eve remembered. Grey didn't have it. But this other man, beside her, had always had more than his fair share of masculine magnetism.

Eve suddenly thought: I mustn't let myself be attracted again. I know where *that* leads—and she suggested, dampingly, "Oughtn't you perhaps to go and talk to your aunt's other guests?"

Quite undamped, he said, "I'm talking, if I may say so? to the pick of them." (Trying to flirt with the ex-moth?) "Please—what are you doing to-night?"

"I am going out dancing," Eve said, "with an old friend." (Grey, of course. Nice, devoted, undisturbing Grey. Perhaps she would feel like marrying him . . . one day. . . .)

"Would you come out dancing with me, then, to-morrow night?" said the disturber beside her.

"That—would be fun," Eve said. She thought I can call it off later. He means to be kind. But it would only start to bring everything back. Fatal! I ought to go while there's time.

Something told her it was already a bit late. . . .

He took out a date-book and pencil, said, with a suddenly shy-sounding laugh, "First, do you know, there's something I've got to break to you."

Eve thought with a searing flash, Yes. He's engaged to some girl. (A familiar knife turned in her heart.) Serve me right for coming here to show off that I was safely cured. As if you could be cured of a devastator like Geoffrey. My fatal type: I fall for the *unattainable* man. Now he's going to talk to me about her.

She set her teeth under an expectant smile.

He said, "*You* knew who *I* was: but I—the fact is I haven't the pleasure of knowing your name."

"*What?*" Eve lifted her head to gaze at him through the cigarette-smoke and rosy haze. "Didn't you know?"

His handsome eyes were full of apology. "I've been too long out of London; I *wanted* to know you, the moment you came in."

Eve, gasping, realized what had happened.

Fairy Godmother's shrewd advice, the exciting green frock, the new hair-do, successful make-up, poise, time, had worked a miracle.

Her ex-fiancé didn't recognize her?

She broke into a small amazed laugh. "I'm Eve!"

There was a split second of silence. His head tilted bewilderedly. Did he expect her to say more? Before she could open her lips again, another voice, a well-remembered voice! spoke behind them.

"Oh, so here you are, Eve? I didn't see you come in——"

Eve turned so abruptly that she shook sherry over her skirt.

Promptly the man who had been sitting beside her whipped out the blessedly big efficient handkerchief of the male, and was on his knees, heedless of those super trousers, deftly repairing the damage.

Eve was staring at *the other tall man* who had come up.

"*Geoffrey*——?"

"How are you?" Captain Geoffrey Bristow, concealing shock, greeted his ex-fiancée.

He had prepared to be charmingly friendly to a poor brave little girl with a broken heart. He found a girl crisply turned-out, well-amused and genuinely enjoying herself with somebody else.

Geoffrey, not too enthusiastically, said, "Er—I see you two have met?"

ONE evening a little later: "Fairy-Godmother!" exclaimed Eve, bursting radiantly in upon a hardworking doctor. "You must be the first to hear my news!"

Doctor Vera took out her cigarette, beamed, and kissed her goddaughter on both cheeks.

"Needn't tell me, child. Sticks out a mile. So happy, are you?"

"I'm the happiest, luckiest girl in the world. He's wonderful. Such a pal, such fun, so unselfish, so attractive but so unconceited, so everything just right," babbled the luckiest girl. "I can't tell you——"

"M'm. But who showed you how to pull yourself together and attract the precious Geoffrey?"

Eve opened her eyes. "*Geoffrey?* You don't imagine Geoffrey Bristow approves of the way I've changed? Geoffrey considers I've ruined my appearance by 'trying to glamorize it up,' but I couldn't care less. Harry likes it."

"Who," asked Doctor Vera bewilderedly, "is Harry? The school-fellow's brother?"

"Oh *no*. How could it be? Harry is Geoffrey's younger brother in the Navy. Not a bit *like* Geoffrey, even if I did think he *was* him for a minute with his back to the light in a half-dark drawing-room! We met at his aunt's party three weeks ago and we've been seeing lots of each other ever since, and this afternoon we got engaged and we're to be married next month—oh, as for disapproving old Geoffrey who always wants to be everybody and the only oil painting in sight—Fairy Godmother, you actually thought *that* could ever be on?"

"I was wrong," Doctor Vera owned up like a sportswoman. "You couldn't put that chicken back into the shell. *Good egg.*"

Then Eve's lover came in, proud and smiling, to be introduced.

Doctor Vera, returning his hearty handshake, thought *what a likeable version of the elder brother!* but she was too tactful to say more than, "So this is your Destiny-man?"

END

1.7.47

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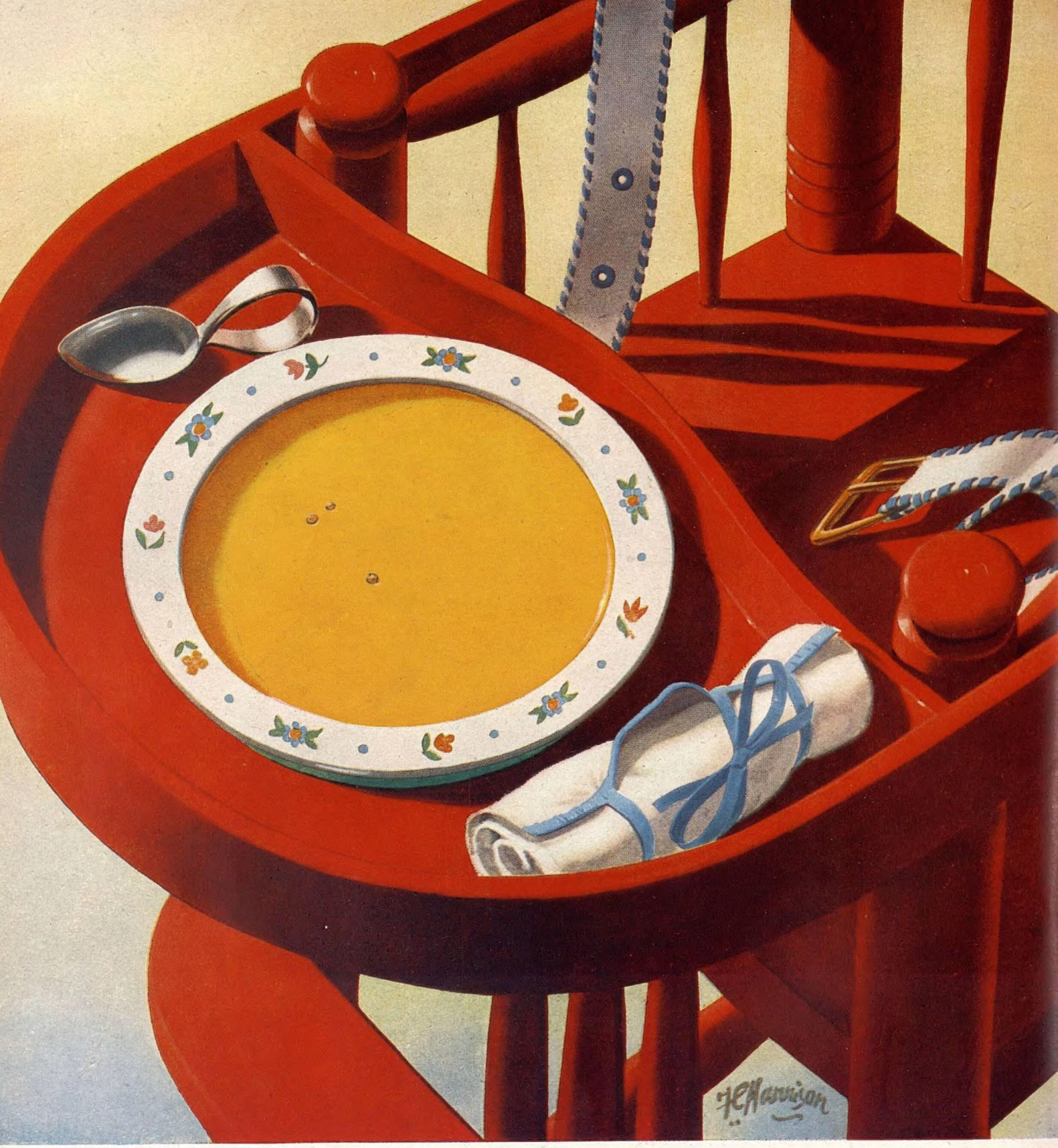

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